



CHRISTINE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRNE, RICHMOND



THE HOME COUNTIES.—IV. KENT

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPHE THIEDE

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WYCHERLEY was not quite old. She seemed always to be keeping one foot on the tail of her youth; the poor thing squeaked, but could not quite break away. In her conversation she would often drag you, all tremulous, with her into the confessional, where you found, to your disappointment, that she had no sins, only errors of diet. She was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out. Its place in her Erciston Square *salon* was taken by the world's understudies. Henry Burnage, who for years had made her *salon* a habit, would torture himself at times with the thought that he was only a fashionable man's understudy; but the torture did not persist, for his opinion of himself was high and on the whole stable. Of the understudies there were many; her rooms were full on Sunday evening. Mr. Wycherley would be seen there sometimes; he sat in corners, and was mildly disapproving; he made the money and Mrs. Wycherley spent it. Still, he acknowledged that his daughter Angela must have every chance, and the *salon* was in some sense a chance. More often Mr. Wycherley did not show himself. He liked to take a walk on Sunday evenings, and he frequently took it. He

had a dislike, not wholly irrational, to the *salon*. Reason was a strong point with him.

"Be rational, Jessica," he would frequently say to his wife. "I only ask you to be rational."

When he went his walk, she alluded to his headache. Nobody minded. He was not the attraction, neither was she, and they both knew it; but Angela wore pink, and understudies attract one another. Angela petted her papa a good deal; and, in return, he never mentioned anything in which he was seriously and commercially interested. In public she would sometimes talk to him with endearing facetiousness; this mildly puzzled him—he only dealt in the milder sensations—because in private she rarely tried to talk brightly to him.

Mrs. Wycherley's drawing-room was not in itself wonderful. The walls were covered with a paper that had a dado to it; she had ordered it some years ago herself, and she regretted it. She knew now that it had been premature, and that a paper-with-a-dado did not constitute art's last word with regard to wall-decoration. Mr. Wycherley did not think the times were yet ripe for it to be superseded. He had said so more than once. Mrs. Wycherley rather believed in what she called "those pretty trifles that make a room look bright"; so she concocted some flower-holders out of Japanese fans and some velvet that had been on the dress that she had worn when Maria was married. These things afterwards were transferred to a spare

and permanently unoccupied bedroom. It was thought that Angela had been responsible for their removal. Angela considered that the room was irredeemable, and thought that cheap attempts at redemption humiliated her.

It was late one evening. Mrs. Wycherley's guests had all gone; she had interviewed the hired man in the hall, paid him, swung back into the room again with a declaration that Jameson was invaluable, and now sat down in her rocking-chair, facing her daughter, fanning herself rather vehemently with a fan that had been mended.

"Oh, yes, Angela, you may say what you like, but there's never any need to tell Jameson anything. Why he goes on the job instead of taking a permanent place is more than I can imagine. He's just the picture of the perfect butler."

"All right, mamma, all right!" said Angela, rather irritably. "He does, but you needn't think that he deceives anybody."

"I don't wish that he should, dear; far from it. The queen herself may know that he's hired for the evening for all that I care. When one is entertaining a great number of people, one supplements one's staff. The very best people have to do it."

"Yes," drawled Angela, "but they have a staff to supplement. Ah, if we were only *quite* poor!"

"Angela, that is really wicked. If you dislike our means—our moderate means—you would dislike poverty still more. We do our best, and it's too ungrateful of you. Mind, I don't say that I am not fond of a little society myself——"

"Oh, mamma, dear! don't be intolerable!"

"I don't know what you mean. But I do know that it's chiefly for your sake that your father consents to these Sunday evenings. And you know that it's the dream of our lives to see you happily married—like Maria. Poverty would be to you Life's Greatest Curse."

"Mr. Burnage told me to-night that he thought families whose income just touched the four figures really had the hardest fight against vulgarity; but he added, from conjecture and a subsequent politeness, that all things were possible to genius. We have the fatal income without the genius, I fancy."

"Ah, Mr. Burnage is one of these rather clever young men. I don't under-

stand 'em. But he looks very well in a room. Angela, my dear, I must hunt myself up a little supper. I hadn't any. I dare not eat when I'm feeling nervous. It only means that I wake with a fluttering in my side and feel as if the angel of death had summoned me. I'll just go into the dining-room and see what I can rescue."

She returned in a minute with a champagne-bottle—still loyal to the third of its contents—and a plate and small tumbler. On the plate was a cold cutlet in aspic and a silver fork; on the portion of the plate which still remained untenanted were two chocolate *éclairs*. She was careful to keep the aspic clear of the *éclairs* until their turn came; she ate rather greedily. Angela looked genuinely distressed.

"Honesty is a poor word for Jameson," Mrs. Wycherley remarked as she filled her glass. "Any other man would have finished the bottle. You can trust him; that's what I feel so much about Jameson. As a tonic for the stomach I believe that there's nothing——"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" said Angela suddenly, "why do we keep on fighting? I used to love our parties once, but I'm getting to know things. We're ridiculous. We aren't quite what we want to be, and we are the more absurd because in some things we are so very near it. I don't think I want to marry. I used to; but I don't now. I certainly don't want to marry any of the underbred young men who come to this house and fall in love with me. I often wonder why I go on trying to be bright and amusing to them, and why I do my best to cover up the rough places and make things go smoothly, and cajole papa, and dress as well as I can. The hell—the awful hell of this London life!" And poor Angela buried her head in a recently-purchased cushion and began to sob a little.

"You distress me," said Mrs. Wycherley excitedly; "I can't bear to see you like this, Angela. I insist that you shall not sob. I *cannot* digest when my mind is disturbed. Poor Angela! do be comforted!"

Angela sat up and dried her eyes in silence. Her brief storm had passed.

"You're feeling low," Mrs. Wycherley continued decisively. "Now be guided by me, and take something. There are some of these *éclairs* still left, you may just as well have one; you know what

things with cream in them are like on the second day. And chocolate's sustaining—now do. And that," she said, suddenly breaking off as she heard a sound at the front door, "is your father's

a distinctly uncomfortable chair. "I went as far as Putney by an omnibus, just as I said I would, then I struck across the common—wonderful place!—round by the mill (thinking about Rich-



"I BELIEVE I'VE HAD AN ECLAIR TOO MANY"

latch-key. Don't let him come in and find you like this."

By the time that Mr. Wycherley had entered, Angela had composed herself. Mr. Wycherley was short and bald, with a slight tendency towards rotundity.

"I have had such a walk," he said, with enthusiastic satisfaction, as he took

mond, you know), and then off to the left into Wimbledon" (changed my mind, you see). From Wimbledon I took train to Waterloo, and walked to the club. I found Bodgers there, and we split a bottle of their old port. Bodgers would pay. I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves as much as I have."

"It's been a most successful evening," said Mrs. Wycherley.

"Do you like the new champagne, Jessica?"

"On the whole I think it an improvement."

"Sixpence a bottle cheaper—that's what it is. Be reasonable, Jessica, and don't pretend to know anything about anything. There kiss me, and good-night, Angela; it's time you were off to bed." His lips smacked on her forehead, hers brushed his cheek. "Sixpence a bottle cheaper," he murmured to himself again, and went off with a mild approach to hilarity.

Mrs. Wycherley turned once more to her daughter. She was feeling quite optimistic.

"I notice, Angela, that you talk a good deal to Henry Burnage."

"Do I? I'm glad you mentioned it, mamma. I won't do it in future. As a rule, I talk to anyone who isn't talking to anyone else."

"I haven't a word to say against your manner. It isn't the old-school, stately manner exactly."

Angela leant forward, her elbows resting on her knees, her pretty face—she was not nearly as pretty as she looked—framed by her warm little hands. At this point she interrupted her mother:

"Dear mamma, I'm a flirt. When you can't be what you want to be, it's a kind of baby's consolation to be the thing you hate most. But you must not deceive yourself. It occasionally seems to me that Henry Burnage is less foolish

and rather better bred than the average here; but don't imagine that I love him. And he's not in the least in love with me."

"Well, he's been here off and on for years. He must be a good deal taken by us. I don't say that, as a rule, I would recommend a girl to marry a young commencing barrister. No, no! I'm not so unwise as that. But Mr. Burnage has means, independent means. I ask you to look at the way his rooms are furnished. You may call them what you like, but I call them gorgeous. And then he entertains—not so frequently as we do, nor on so large a scale."

"But so infinitely better," said Angela, fervently.

"There! you're defending him; what does that mean?"

"It does mean that I tolerate him, and it does not mean that I love him. I know what you want, and it couldn't be done. Why, if he kissed me, or if I thought even that he wanted to kiss me, I should go quite mad—mad with disgust."

"Oh, Angela, darling!" said Mrs. Wycherley. "You know that I wouldn't force you into anything. There, good-night! We must not sit up any longer, or what will your father say? You'll come directly, won't you?"

At the drawing-room door she paused a moment and looked almost beseechingly at her daughter. "Angela," she said, "I believe that I've had one *éclair* too many."

CHAPTER II.

IF Mr. Wycherley had taken his stroll over Wimbledon Common later in the evening, he would have had an opportunity to play the part of the Good Samaritan. There is no rôle which is more popular; the feelings of self-satisfaction and superiority help to make life enjoyable, and in consequence it is delightful to rescue. But to be rescued is quite another affair. The thing which is condemned as ingratitude is often a very natural resentment of one who has been placed compulsorily under an obligation. Most men, given a certain amount of sensitiveness, would sooner fall among thieves than among Good Samaritans.

The chance which Mr. Wycherley lost

was taken by Dr. Gabriel Lamb. The doctor was returning home rather late; it was already beginning to get dark. When he was within a few yards of the garden-gate of his own house, he noticed a young man lying in an awkward position on the grass by the roadside. Dr. Gabriel Lamb bent over him, found him half-conscious, and made a cursory examination of him.

The young man was clad in a well-cut tweed suit, worn to utter shabbiness. His boots were in holes. He was lying where he had fallen when he found that he could go no further; his hat was off, and had received from the fall a damage with which it was already familiar. His face was thin, and at present quite

colourless, but it had the tokens of refinement and strength.

Dr. Lamb's examination lasted less than a minute. "I shall be back directly," he said, and began to run towards his own house. He was a middle-aged man. His head, save for a fringe of reddish hair all round it, was bald; but he was very active. He dashed up the garden drive and into the house; here he gave one or two rapid orders to servants, and hurriedly prepared what he wanted. In a very few minutes he was out on the roadway again, with a glass in his hand, bending over the young man. The doctor's servant had accompanied him, and stood at a few yards distance, waiting.

The young man's eyes were half closed. When the doctor held the glass to his lips, he turned his head away impatiently.

"Drink it at once!" said the doctor sharply. "Do you want to die?"

The young man spoke in a faint whisper and with some difficulty.

"Not a beggar. I'm much obliged—very natural mistake of yours. I—I'd rather you left me alone."

"I won't, then. Whoever heard such nonsense? Any man who is taken suddenly ill accepts help from the first stranger who is not too much of a brute to give it him. It's no question of begging. Damn it!" he went on, getting furious, "you shall pay for the ha'porth of brandy if you like—but drink it."

The young man shook his head. "No money," he murmured, "that's why I'm—" The effort at explanation seemed to be too much for him, and he stopped.

"All right, then, I'll take your clothes, or you shall work for me; at any rate, I promise you that I will put you under no obligation which you cannot repay. I swear it. Now then."

The young man drank the contents of the glass; in a moment or two his eyes opened wider. He looked reflective. "That wasn't brandy," he said. His voice was already a shade stronger.

"Not brandy alone. There were other things in it. I'm a doctor, you know. Now do you see that house?" The young man raised himself into a sitting position, looked at it and nodded his head. "That's my house, and I'm going to take you there, with the help of my servant. Then you'll be put to bed. In a day or two you'll be all right. Now

you must place yourself entirely in my hands and trust to me. I'm not going to put you under any obligation. You shall work out your debt. You look like an educated man."

"Eton and Cambridge—but you couldn't believe it."

"I believe it entirely. Now then, you shall get up. Steady!—there, that's it! Now, slowly."

Supported—almost carried—by the doctor and his servant, the young man was taken into the house. It was a house which seemed to have an old quiet in it—a quiet that had long been there. The colours in the interior were low; it was lit softly and without glare; one's footsteps were not heard on the thick carpets. The house was of red brick, but the red had been softened and shaded by time, and the walls were partly covered with ivy. At the back of the house there was a modern addition, which Dr. Lamb had erected for his own purposes. It was a long, low building, and had a separate entrance into the garden.

The young man found himself in a large and very comfortable bedroom. At one end of the room there was a door into a bath-room, at the other end the room communicated with a dressing-room and a small study. Here the doctor's servant did for him all that a valet could do for a man. Soon he was lying in bed, refreshed by a bath, soothed by the luxuriousness that he had missed so much and for so long, dreamily wondering whether it could be all true. He had suffered very much, and this sudden change for the better seemed so strange. He thought half-amusedly that the doctor had done a foolish thing; he had taken into his house a man of whom he knew nothing, except that he had found him, a mere vagrant, shabby and fainting from exhaustion and want of food. But the young man reflected that in the course of his life he had frequently been trusted like this—on sight. Certainly, in some way or other he must repay the doctor. How, he could not imagine. It did not matter—the doctor had promised to find a way for him. But the doctor's kindness and trust were, he felt, beyond repayment. He began to wonder if they would bring him something to eat; he hoped so. The valet had left the lamp and the candles by his bedside alight, so it seemed certain that he would return. That valet had treated him with the

utmost respect, as an honoured guest and not as a relieved vagabond. If he ever got any money, he would remember the man. Presently the door opened,

was eating (he was ordered to eat slowly) the doctor sat down by the bedside and began to talk to him. At first he was merely medical, then he said :



"BENDING OVER THE YOUNG MAN"

and the doctor and the servant entered. The servant carried a small tray on which were a cup of chocolate and two sandwiches, made of toast and some kind of meat-jelly. While the young man

"My name, you know, is Lamb. I'm Dr. Gabriel Lamb. May I ask what your name is?"

"Mine is Claudius Sandell. I really don't know how to thank you."

"Not a word, not a word, if you please."

"Words would certainly be of very little good. I hope that I have not been keeping you from any other patients." The doctor smiled. "Oh, I don't practise," he said. "It was lucky for you—and I think it lucky for me also—that you chose a Sunday evening for your collapse. I only walk on Sunday evenings—chiefly because it is not church. Ah, yes—quite true—there is church also on Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and on certain occasions in the week! My wife—to whom I hope soon to introduce you—attends every service; she also stays for the after-meetings. You must not, by the way, think that I am an unbeliever. I am not; at one time I always went to church on Sunday evenings, and there was much in it that I enjoyed. But the curate's banalities, the superstitiousness of the people, and the perfectly evil singing of the choir vexed me. Then it occurred to me that if I went for a walk on Sunday evening instead, I could get the service without the church. I could have the sunset and the aspirations, the longings for the far-away that it produces." He stopped abruptly, and noticed that the servant was listening with rather a puzzled face. He turned to him. "Wait outside, Francis," he said. When the man had retired, the doctor began to pace the room, and went on talking. Under his very thick sandy eyebrows and long lashes his grey eyes grew luminous. "Sometimes it's in the spring. Damn it! there's nothing like a spring evening. I'm in earnest about it. The poetry of it is so strenuous and yet so quiet; so full of fresh life, and yet so full of the old peace that still passes all understanding. But it's always as the service of God that I take my Sunday evening walk. I love the lime-trees—trees of the Pentecost—with their leaves turning to tongues of fire as they shake under the strokes of wind and sunlight. I love the cold purity of the sky on winter evenings that get dark so soon. How all the stars look at one! The heavens declare the glory of God. Ah! I'm talking far too much!"

Claudius was watching him with keen interest. "No, no," he said, "go on, I'm beginning to understand."

"That really is all—only on Sunday evenings do I walk, because it is not

church but is service. The rest of my time is given to work."

"To work, doctor, but you said that you did not practise."

"Quite so, I do not, although when I was a younger man I had a practise for a time. It did not content me. One night I was rung up by a woman; I went downstairs and found her hysterical on the door-steps. She pulled herself together and prayed me to come at once to see her son who was dying. She lived about a mile off. We ran a good deal; she was distressed and I was sympathetic. When we got there I found that the boy was not dying but was slightly bilious. Then I asked myself if that kind of thing was science as I loved it—if it really assisted the great cause of humanity for which alone I live. I gave up my practise. I study the individual man only when he is likely to throw light on the aggregate. I never work on behalf of the individual. But I tire you."

"No, I am not tired."

"Pardon me, but you are. It is merely the effect of the restorative that makes you feel strong, and that effect will pass off; you are very much run down and you need rest. You would perhaps like something more to eat; I shall not give it you. To-morrow you shall be better treated. Good-night, Mr. Sandell, good night!"

When he got to the door, he paused a moment and said: "Do the clothes you were wearing fit you perfectly?"

"Very fairly—it's about all you can say for them. I have got thinner since they were made."

"That's all right. A tailor can make others from them, I suppose: it will save you the bother of measurements. Good-night, again."

Before Claudius could answer the doctor had gone. In the passage outside the room Dr. Lamb was detained for a minute by the valet.

"Excuse me, sir, but I've seen this Mr. Sandell before."

"Where?"

"At Cambridge. I was a gyp at Trinity, sir, you remember, before I came to you. This Mr. Sandell was really there; it's quite true what he said."

"Don't make that mistake again," said Dr. Lamb, somewhat impressively. "When I told you a few minutes ago that Mr. Sandell was my guest, it

ceased to be necessary for you to give him a character for truthfulness, or sobriety, or early rising, or anything else. You will sleep in the dressing-room in case Mr. Sandell should want you during the night. If he is unable to sleep or turns faint again, you know what to do, but he won't. I shall want you to go to town to-morrow for me; you must go early, I will give you your orders immediately after breakfast."

As Dr. Lamb was coming down the stairs, a carriage drove up to the door. Mrs. Lamb had come back from the after-meeting. She placed on the hall table two or three devotional books: amongst them was her Bible, fastened by an elastic band, and bulged with sheets of written notes. She was rather a short

woman with dark hair and plain anæmic face and ecstatic eyes; she looked very young, twenty years younger than the doctor. "I'm late," she said to him, "but I've been happy—so happy. We had Mr. Catcome as usual—Elijah and the believer's hope."

Dr. Lamb looked at his wife and said nothing; then he smiled slightly. When he smiled his thin lips showed rather large white teeth. She saw the smile, and a nervous expression came into her face; she appeared to be slightly afraid of her husband.

They went into the dining-room. At a small table supper was laid, and they both sat down. Mrs. Lamb said grace audibly, while her husband stared pensively at a mayonnaise.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. LAMB'S want of tact was so pronounced that it even overcame her fear of her husband, and she still spoke about the service of the church and the great good that she had received from it; he listened politely with attention, occasionally looking up from his plate at her, almost inquisitively. At each glance from under the thick sandy eyebrows, and at each slight smile that showed the big white teeth, she faltered. The glance and smile had a kind of reserved meaning in them; they forced her into the exasperating belief that she was being treated with superiority. She was half-inclined to lose her temper—did, indeed, for one moment cut the chicken-wing on her plate as if it had been an enemy—but commanded herself. She was not a very clever woman, emotional, half-fanatical, with the pathetic want to be good.

Dr. Lamb said very little until supper was over, and his few remarks to his wife were common-place enough. As she rose from the table he said:

"I've told them to take the coffee to my room to-night. I can't talk comfortably in these big rooms, and I've got some news for you. Will you come, Hilda?"

"Yes, dear, in one minute."

He held open the door for her, she passed into the hall. He stood a moment reflective; his brows were slightly wrinkled. He did not like the substitution of a late cold supper for dinner at the usual time; but it marked Sunday for

Hilda. He did not like Hilda to sit down to an evening meal in an afternoon dress, with her hat on; but it marked Sunday for her. This interested him slightly; he wondered how her observation of Sunday would work out when her day came. There had been signs lately (he had noted them all as they came) that her day was very near.

He crossed the hall and went down a corridor to the two rooms which constituted the addition that he had made to the house. The first of these rooms was furnished as a study; the walls were covered with books, most of them books of the advanced scientist, some of them books that even an advanced scientist would have classed as heterodox, the work of charlatans. It was brightly lighted; on a side table the coffee and liqueurs had been placed all ready. At one end of the room was a door leading into the laboratory. The doctor opened the door and looked in; the laboratory was in darkness, but he reached his hand upward to a button in the wall and switched on the electric light. The lamps reflected themselves on polished mahogany cases and on the bell-glass that protected a large microscope from the dust. There was rather an unpleasant smell in the room. Shelves and cabinets were ranged all round the walls; in one corner stood a lead-covered table; on another table stood two or three bottles and a measuring glass. The doctor put the bottles back in their places on the shelves and washed the

glass at a square stone basin. He had used the things in preparing the restorative. Then he switched off the electric light and went back into the study again, closing the door behind him. Here he sat down, poured out his coffee, tilted a little glass of Cognac into it, lit a cigarette and began to think.

He really had a very great deal to think about that night.

He was interrupted, however, almost immediately by the entrance of his wife. She had changed her dress and was wearing a loose, black tea-gown. It suited her fairly well, and her pale face had now a pretty tinge of colour in it. Dr. Lamb looked at her critically.

"You've changed," he began.

"Yes, I saw you weren't liking the other."

"Ah!" said Dr. Lamb, "that's good of you. It's the curse of the individual that such trifles should matter to him. There's nothing so small in the impulses of collected humanity, the aggregate. Mankind," he continued, speaking more to himself than to her, "is so great, and isolated man's so small."

"You had something to tell me," Hilda said, timidly.

"Ah, yes." He told her how he had found Claudius Sandell, and taken him into the house. It was his intention to keep him for a few days—perhaps weeks—to provide him with clothes, and so on. "He says that he must repay me—cannot bear the obligation—is very strong on that point."

"Gabriel this is one of the queerest things you have done. Of course, it is very kind of you, and I must say that many professing Christians would have been quite content just to have given the man a copper—or a sixpence."

"He would not have taken it; and in that condition it would have been no good to him if he had taken it."

"No? It was so silly of him not to want to be helped; I rather like him for that. Quite dark hair, you said—and tall, I imagine him. Well, I hope it will turn out all right. But you have done almost more than you need. The best suite of rooms in the house, and in every way the treatment of an honoured guest!"

"Quite so. Apart from the fact that a gentleman cannot very well take advantage of another gentleman's poverty in order to humiliate him, there are

reasons. You will oblige me by treating him exactly as I have done—as an honoured guest."

"I will do anything to please you," she said humbly.

"And I must confess that I like you better in this docile mood than in the mood which it has replaced. When you came back to the house to-night, you addressed me as if I were an atheist, which was incorrect of you—as I have frequently explained. You also spoke to me about the curate and Elijah, and the believer's hope, and you are quite aware that I do not discuss such subjects with you. Your God is the projection of the curate upon the average feminine intelligence; you believe in your heart that your God wrote the whole Bible in English and got it published by Bagster. I cannot share your conception or your view; but I am not an atheist. I love God, that is the reason why I love and serve to the uttermost His humanity, and would sacrifice any unit of it in the cause of the aggregate. Now this must be the last time. I leave you your intellectual freedom and you may go to church, but you shall not talk church."

"Gabriel, did you love me when you married me?"

Her downcast eyes were raised and looked full at his.

"I am a man of like passions to others."

"You made me happy, you know. It was a life of sordid drudgery at home—papa was always overworked and mamma was always tired, and there was that trouble with my sister Matilda. You gave me all that money could give. And then"—she gasped and caught her breath—"our child!"

"Well, go on!"

"Now I don't know whether you love me or not—I don't even know whether I love you, because I am afraid of you so. But I know that there's a change. You used even to go to church with me. You were not always locked up in the laboratory. Even now you are good to me; you give me more money than I can spend; you give me presents; you are considerate for me and do things to please me. But I'm shut out of your real life. Oh, Gabriel, I hate science."

"You should not do that, dear," said the doctor blandly. "My interest in you is largely scientific."

"Don't!" she said, pathetically, not

irritably. "Don't look at me as if I were a specimen. Don't be just interested in me. I'm a woman. It wasn't for the money and comfort that I married you. I loved you. You loved me once, Gabriel; science did not stand first; you used to make concessions to me."

"I am making concessions now."

"By listening to me politely? Yes, you regard all the smaller conventionalities."

"I do. I have no pretence to transcend humanity. My contempt for the individual includes my individual self. I try to regard all the smaller conventionalities, and to some of them I am really attached. I get vexed at trifles. I am particular about some quite unimportant things. For that reason I prefer the conventional dinner to the Sunday supper, which is one of my concessions to you; to which you sit down, perspiring and religious, in a hat. And I despise myself for ever thinking about such light things, when I realise the greatness of the work before me. Do I love you? My dear Hilda, I do not even love myself. My point of view has been changed by—"

"Don't talk," she broke in passionately, bursting into tears, "don't go on talking! It doesn't comfort me. Love me again, Gabriel! Love me! Else I shall hate you."

"Excessive emotion," said the doctor, "is not good for you, and will probably hasten your day. You must go to bed at once."

She rose like a whipped child. "I'm sorry," she said, in a low, husky voice; "I forgot, I know you don't like scenes, and I'm wanting to try very hard to please you in everything. I'm going: good-night, dear."

The doctor raised one of her hands and kissed it, and opened the door for her. She passed out. Half-way up the broad staircase that led to her room she paused a moment thinking. What had

he meant by "hasten her day?" He had said once before that "her day would come." She knew instinctively that it would be useless to ask him, and put the question by with a kind of despair. In her room she stood before the glass surveying herself. The colour on her cheeks was slightly disordered. She took a sponge and washed it all off. She made up her mind not to use it again. It was of no good for her to try and make herself look pretty any more; and, even if rouge had given her beauty, that would not have made her husband love her again. "Love!" she whispered to herself, panting. Then she remembered that it was wicked to use rouge. She had but just come from church, and had painted her face like a bad woman: it was wicked of her. She knelt and prayed God to forgive her. Then she rose, and took a candle and stepped across the passage to another room. It had been her baby's nursery. She unlocked the door and entered.

The room was neatly kept. A little cradle stood in one corner, bedecked and empty. She walked over to it, and rocked it a little. Then she opened a drawer and turned over piles of tiny clothes that were not wanted now. "My little baby," she whispered. Her eyes were strained and aching and dry. But she cried again in bed that night.

It was long before Dr. Lamb came to bed. He had not been working in his laboratory; he had been thinking about Claudius Sandell. The doctor had not had much opportunity to observe him; but, nevertheless, he summed him up: a man whose pride was greater than his instinct of self-preservation, a truthful man.

The doctor thought for a long time. "Oh, I shall use him—I shall certainly use him," he said to himself at last. "A great find; he will quite repay me."

Upstairs Claudius Sandell slept peacefully.



The Fiction of the Future.

By STANHOPE SPRIGG.



HAT will be the fiction of the immediate future? This question was put to us the other day by an excellent correspondent, who occasionally manufactured a more or less successful novel, and who, therefore, was perhaps pardonably anxious that his new works should be in full accord with the present stream of tendencies. Unfortunately, at that time we were unable to answer that question. In the first

place, editorship and prophecy are not (necessarily, we mean) interchangeable or even convertible terms. In the second, critics of the chief rank are not themselves, we were astounded to find, agreed on this important subject. Thus one will declare that we have reached an epoch in which pure romance will flourish to a remarkable degree. Another will state, with equal fervour, that we are about to witness an astounding revival of the popularity of the historical novel, whereas a third will argue, with convincing illustration, that we shall soon be faced by a flood of stories devoted to a close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not from woman's, standpoint.

"You can only interpret the future by the past," says a familiar maxim, but on turning in the face of this confusion to the latest works of the great masters themselves, we did not, unfortunately, find any indication sufficient to warrant a positive assertion to our correspondent. Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, has

passed "where the rest is silence," and the magic of romance has lost its most potent wizard. Rudyard Kipling has given us two magnificent volumes of jungle stories, but, although they are magnificent, they have not the great human qualities nor the all-pervading genius of *Plain Tales* or *The Light that Failed*. Dr. Conan Doyle has wandered from the golden bye-paths of the popular detective story to powerful studies of the braggart Gascon, and through those to a morbidly clever psychological study of a prodigious charlatan, and then again to his first love the historical novel itself. Consequently, we doubt whether the author of *The White Company* and *The Refugees* is quite sure of the future himself. Stanley Weyman, we admit, remains true to his early ideals, but even he, we found, has deserted his favourite period; and at last we were in our extremity compelled to appeal to some of our most famous novelists themselves, telling them frankly the difficulties we had found beset the whole business. As a result, here are the views of the future of the great makers of fiction themselves.

Mr. H. G. WELLS writes: "I do not see that the fiction of the immediate future can be anything very different from the fiction of the immediate past. No epidemic threatens the Society of Authors—unhappily the aspirant may think—and novelists are born, not made, and need a certain time to grow. The constellations will remain as they are, Meredith and Hardy still shining stars of the first magnitude. Meredith like his own Sirius, and Hardy as I fancy like Aldebaran, Kipling, Barrie, Anstey, Conan Doyle, and about them all the lesser lights. There are no revolutions in fiction, only the slow changes worked by death and the development of new writers. No one can prophesy what the new writers will write until they have written it. I suppose most of us younger men are more or less consciously looking

for new standpoints. There is Mr. Morley Roberts, for instance, who seems to have concentrated upon a primitive—a palæolithic brutality, and Mr. Marriott Watson, who in his *Dick Ryder* has dealt realistically and humanely with the highwayman, hitherto monopolised and, to my mind, spoilt by romance. Mr. Conrad has found a wonderful world in the Dutch East Indies. Then Mr. Kenneth Graham has struck an absolutely new vein in his *Golden Age*, and Mr. Stephen Crane another in his *Red Badge of Courage*, and Mr. Le Gallienne is making a novel of that not unpleasing rococo sentimentality of his. But I cannot find any tendency in common here, any justification for such a generalization as you



MR. H. G. WELLS

From a photograph by Frank Dickens, Soane Street

demand. Mr. Crane seems to me to have illuminated emotional psychology with an imagination like a box of Bengal lights, and in mental and physical science there certainly exists a wealth of material for imaginative treatment unused such as no other province of human interest affords. As education becomes less linguistic and more scientific, this province will, I think, be worked more and more, and 'scientific romance' will to some extent replace historical romance. But as I myself have tried to work this vein a little, this opinion may be after all only a paraphrase of the cobbler's, 'nothing like leather.'

"In another direction there may be a tendency to development. I believe 'there are inducements' for a funny novel-

ist—an antidote to the earlier teachings of Mr. George Gissing. Since most people have to be poor and shabby, it seems to me a wholesome enterprise to develop the humour, interest, and adventures of poverty, to make it seem very good fun on the whole. We want novels of the English lower and middle classes in the spirit of Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. It is a dog's life, of course, to be a jester. If in a novel you fail to terrify or depress or excite, or melt, or move your readers or reviewers, you suffer no great harm; but if you try to make them laugh and fail—Heaven help you! The virulent abuse once dealt out to Mr. Barry Pain still lingers in my memory, and nothing was bad enough for the New Humorists! They are all scotched or killed now, I know, and there is, saving Mr. J. M. Barrie, no laughter left in fiction. Yet in the gloom I have descried, like the phosphorescent gleams of matches being struck, the *Clever Wife* of Mr. Pett Ridge and the *Stolen Bishop* of Charles C. Rothwell. Let me mingle my metaphors. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Pett Ridge is a snowdrop, and the spring I hope for is coming.

"And since the above was written I hear Mr. Barry Pain has a novel in hand. That is good news. It is sure to be good reading, and perhaps it will be very delightful reading indeed. And if it is about poor people—as I hope it will be—then clearly this half-hearted prophecy of mine is already more than justified."

These are the views of Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE: "I am naturally somewhat diffident in the matter of pronouncing an opinion as to the character of the novel which in the immediate future is likely to obtain the largest amount of popularity. In the first place, it would be a cause of great regret to me if I were the means of inducing any writer to adopt a particular course the pursuit of which might have a disastrous result so far as the sales of his book are concerned. In the second place, I feel certain that I should be much more grieved if I should find the wind taken out of my own sales by the publication of a novel by an author who might pay me the disastrous compliment of accepting my opinion as to the nature of the coming fiction. If any writer has strong convictions regarding the tendency of public taste, we may take it for granted

that that writer will act up to them in his next book. It appears to me, however, that one has only to make out a list of the most successful works of fiction of the past year or two in order to become aware of the enormous difficulty of pronouncing an opinion on the

any interpretation bearing upon the future? Does it point definitely in any direction? I certainly think it does not. The only thing that seems quite beyond doubt is that no book in which humour predominates has a chance of a large sale in England in these days. We take our fiction seriously, or not at all."



MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE
From a photograph by Russell and Sons

question of the tendency of the taste of our readers. One or two historical romances have been eminently successful; but several, equally well written, and on apparently more popular lines, have had only the most feeble sale. One or two strikingly commonplace stories with a suggestion of religion in them have gone off freely; but probably a hundred which might be similarly described remain on the shelves of their publishers. Two or three novels dealing with the caprices of sex have sold by the ten thousand, but numbers have been total failures. Three novels in a kind of Scotch dialect have been conspicuous successes, but how many others equally unreadable south of the Tweed have been stillborn? What conclusion can anyone come to when face to face with these facts? Must not one conclude that the public will not buy one class of fiction to the total exclusion of another? The books that had the largest sale during the past year and a-half were *Tribby*, *The Manxman*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, *Jude the Obscure*, and perhaps one of Mr. Stanley Weyman's romances. Is this list susceptible of

Mr. E. W. HORNING says: "I hope that the fiction of the immediate future will afford a broader and a fairer field than ever, and less favour than ever for this or that particular school. No; the romance, ancient or modern, is not likely to oust the analytical novel, nor *vice versa*. Not only are there ample room and an equal demand for both, but we have a wonderful equality of productive talent upon either side. While this is so, we may still witness the simultaneous triumphs of a George Eliot and a Charles Reade, a Madame Sarah Grand and a Mr. Stanley Weyman. Obviously the one thing needful is that a book should be good of its kind. The wine matters less than the brand; and good romantic burgundy, fine analytical hock, and dry, epigrammatic champagne as a pleasing addition to either, are



MR. E. W. HORNING
From a photograph by Elliot and Fry

pretty certain of their friends, and plenty of them, even in the immediate future."

MR. WALTER RAYMOND is all for what is pleasantest in fiction, as you might expect from what you have read of his work: "It gives me pleasure to

respond to your invitation to express my opinion upon the immediate future of English fiction. That the reader longs for something which will soothe his jaded nerves and leave him happier when he has read it, there is no doubt. Life was never so difficult, and ruthless analysis of human misery gives him no rest. Besides, in his heart, even the pessimist perceives that there are some things not so bad after all, that the sun shines occasionally, and even here there should be not more than five months' winter in the year. But relief will not be found, as some predict, in pure romance. This century has sacrificed the dearest beliefs and the most cherished ideals to fact.



MR. WALTER RAYMOND

From a photograph by Debenham and Smith, Southampton

Its strongest impulse is a passion for reality and truth. It is in vain to propose an excursion into fairy-land. But let it not be forgotten that, whatever may be destroyed, there is always the fresh air, the eternal hills and the green fields.

"The perception of this is at the bottom of the popularity both here and in America which has of late attended the Idyll. The life it draws, however simple, is real, and people are glad to believe in it. Romance, to-day, could be no more than a recreation; but idyllic art with no startling incident, with no sorrow that does not soften or cannot be forgotten in sleep, is rest. We get away from the distraction of half-formed ideas and lie

under the oak trees or sit by the hearth in company with simple souls. We know we are superior, and we like that. The atmosphere is pure; the peat or the wood fire smells quaint; and we like that. We had forgotten this old world, and so it has the freshness of novelty, and for a moment we forget the new world and are thankful. But it is not the record of old customs and modes of thought which gives the real value to the Idyll. It is the restoring quality of genuine simplicity. Therefore, this branch will, for the present, continue to flourish and produce leaves of incredible greenness.

"The same may be said of the story of adventure. Until the Anglo-Saxon has lost his pith he must delight in danger, and the nerve which carries a man over it. There has never been a time when the English people did not love adventure, and never a time when it was more desirable that they should do so. Many do not want to bother about new ideas. They would rather accept them a little late upon authority, and in the meantime ride bicycles. They turn from what is morbid because they are in health. They are impatient with analysis, as if knowing by instinct that it must undermine the will. To them the Idyll is tame. They do not catch the subtle tenderness, and they resent the lack of incident. They also want the fresh air, but for excitement, not for rest. Like the Idyll, therefore, the book of adventure supplies an immediate want, and may be expected to increase in popularity. But between them I fancy there is this distinction, that the inspiration of the Idyll is a longing for simplicity, and the other may be largely written to demand.

"The thing most clear to me is that we have not yet had realism. The deepest note of present-day fiction is one of appalling pity. Earnest writers have treated saddest themes with absolute fearlessness. They give us the truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as that goes; but in respect of life they do not give us the whole truth. They show us a sore through a microscope, which shuts off from our view the strength and beauty of the living organism. The book invades the sanctity of the villa residence—the British matron shrieks. The advancing flood of humanity is making her gather up her respectable skirt. But it is not for her we need fear. She is well-nourished and will take no

harm. It is the hopelessness begotten of this unrelieved pity which for the moment stifles aspiration and paralyses endeavour. Yet life itself is not so cruel as the latter-day novelist. I look, therefore, for a Messiah who, seeing modern life in true perspective, shall give us a finer realism in which human happiness and misery shall stand in just proportion. Then we shall see that where there is dark shadow there must also be bright light. I do not apprehend 'a period of close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not woman's, standpoint.' Men will not write it. Women can't."

Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN says: "As a thorough believer in the folly of prophesying till after the event, I should be sorry to commit myself to any very definite declaration as to what will be the fiction of the immediate future; but still I have certain notions which may answer for replies to your questions.

'I do not believe that the present movements tend toward any special end. Neither do I think that we have reached the beginning of an epoch in which pure romance will flourish to a remarkable degree. Nor that the stream of tendencies sets in the direction of the historical novel or works of adventure in far-off countries. Lastly, to take your questions *seriatim*, my belief is negative as to the possibility of our having again a period of close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not woman's, standpoint. My little literary creed may be dogmatic, but I base it upon thirty years of reading, writing, and observation, which have taught me how little these questions are governed by laws. The great god, Chance, rules, and it is the unexpected which happens, or our enterprising publishers would soon make fortunes. Let me ask, What grounds have we for prognosticating the direction in which the wind of popular taste will blow, when it is always liable to be turned aside by a lucky puff? Try by reference to arrange the successful books of the past thirty or forty years into definite lines, and how soon will the task be given up when it is seen how diverse are the works which have held the public attention for the time being—the vigorous and true, the pitiful and weak. Just a few at random: *Pickwick*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Caxtons*, *The*

Woman in White, *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Mary Barton*, *Verdant Green*, *Adam Bede*, *John Halifax*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Lorna Doone*, *John Inglesant*, *Called Back*, *A Window in Thrums*, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, and *Trilby*. Here is a mixture of works which have all, to use the cant term, 'caught on,' and each in turn been the talk of the town. Surely when the public taste exhibits such elasticity, I am right in saying that the novel of the future will be decided by chance.

"Upon the last of your questions I feel strongly. My opinion is asked, and I give it for what it is worth. I look upon the 'sex problem,' so called, as being as great a sham as the rotten mock-philosophic thread upon which that series of literary beads, the Rougon Macquar novels, are strung. In brief, as a cant term to serve as a blind, an excuse for making 'filthy lucre,' and flooding the country with a class of literature worse in its tendencies than much of the coarse and brutal writings for the circulation of which men have repented in gaol. Let me, however, in conclusion, venture upon one approach to a belief in the future. I do not think that we shall have a period of close analysis of 'the great sex problem from man's standpoint.' After what we have seen during the last few years from feminine pens, I venture to say that any man of wholesome natural tendencies would think more than twice before he stirred up the unpleasantness of such a theme. The great 'sex problem' should surely be the prerogative of the unsexed."

These are the views of Mr. EDEN PHILLIPOTS. "I am disposed to think that chance largely governs literary movements in so far as fiction is concerned. When a really strong novel appears a hundred more or less like to it speedily follow—if the strong book has made a market success. Thus the *Heavenly Twins* was instantly followed by a flood of novels on similar lines, and Weyman's romances set a hundred pens to work, because they were successful. Any sudden, startling production which grips the fiction-reading world will start a temporary fashion, no matter whether it is concerned with bush-ranging or ethics, social problems or the phenomenal discovery of crime. As a rule the stronger a novel's 'purpose'

the weaker its art; and the greatest fiction has always been occupied with the springs of humanity's actions, not those petty problems arising from the tiresome but vital conventions of human society. I think the best stories are those which depend on no chance

fiction of the immediate future will be of all sorts, flavours and qualities, as fiction is now and always has been. If you ask as to the great fiction of the future, that is another thing, dependent wholly on the men who are to produce it. If they arise, and as they arise, they will give expression to their divers individualities, each in his own class of work, be it pure romance, or the historical novel, or what it will, regardless of what are called 'movements' or 'tendencies.' These 'movements' are not, as many seem to suppose, mysterious cosmic forces, working from without, and carrying with them all the genius and talent applied in the arts. They are not, indeed, causes, but effects. A great success in art begets emulation and imitation, and the result is called a 'movement,' or a 'tendency.' Or the public taste, in its caprice, makes a demand which some class of commercial fiction is produced to supply, and that is also called a 'movement.' In the first case the nature of the 'movement' depends wholly on the particular qualities of the work of the man that causes and



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

question of the hour in which they were born. I fail to note any great and overwhelming tendency at present, though as minor movements I seem to detect the influence of Meredith and of Hardy on young writers. The effect of the former author appears in a vicious striving at brilliance in dialogue and uncouth and affected attempts to play the fool with our mother tongue after the manner of Meredith; while Hardy's followers, while lacking his splendid insight, echo and imitate that personal idiosyncrasy of consistent pessimism which makes it impossible to say of the greatest living English novelist that he sees life whole. There exists much joy in the world. That it is allotted after a perverse fashion puzzling to human notions of justice none can doubt, but even marriage ends happily sometimes. To approach even a human institution with obvious bias lacks dignity in a story-teller. He should rise above personal feelings and look at the world from outside as Shakespeare did."

Mr. ARTHUR MORRISON writes: "The



MR. ARTHUR MORRISON
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Kensington

leads it—a matter impossible to be foretold. And in the second case it depends on the current of popular fancy, a thing the direction whereof few or none (certainly not I) can prophesy or account for."

Mr. GABRIEL SETOUN writes: "You ask a question that is not easy to answer. Any answer, indeed, must be of the nature of a guess, and the probability is that every guess will be wrong. There are fashions in fiction as



MR. GABRIEL SETOUN
From a photograph by W. Crouke, Edinburgh

in dress; and who shall tell from the vogue to-day what is to be in demand to-morrow? One thing is certain. The novels that have lived, and will live, are the novels of character, be they romances pure and simple, or social, political, or psychological studies. A story must be human if it is to appeal to humanity, and the characters must play their parts as human beings, to be appreciated of men and women. Carlyle has remarked that Homer interests us now not because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born, but because he wrote of what passed in God's world and in the heart of man. And what is true of poetry is equally true of fiction. But the fear of the commonplace is the beginning of sensationalism. The historical romance appears to be the favourite of the moment; but if it is to live, it will not be by virtue of any archaic turn of speech or inevitable anachronism, but because its characters are men and women of like passions with ourselves. What will be the fashion or craze next year or next century, I do not know and cannot guess."

These are the views of Mr. F. W. ROBINSON: "The whole subject is interesting, and requires much study. I do not believe in any fashion or boom of a successful novel. To my mind well-written fiction will always sell, whether it be domestic, realistic, or romantic. As for the sewage series—that will always be with us, and, alas! always be remunerative to the dirty minds who work for it."

Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS writes: "I do not know that I have given much thought to the present tendencies of fiction. But I certainly do not think there is any great opening for analysis of sex questions at this time. Speaking for myself only, I may say that my thoughts run rather to the wider social questions of economics and to far-off adventure. Perhaps in these rather reactionary days both may smack of romance; but socialism will have its turn, and with it



MR. MORLEY ROBERTS
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis

perhaps imperialism as well. Romance pure and simple seems to me not characteristic of this age."

Mr. BERTRAM MITFORD writes: "In the matter of the fiction of the immediate future it is not easy to predict whither the present movements tend, if only that fiction is very like fashion, inasmuch as it is mainly run by the ornamental sex, who probably constitute

eighteen-twentieths of its readers. And these eighteen-twentieths are strangely like sheep in their eagerness to tread upon each other's heels in order to enter some new ('literary') pasture, for the sole and simple reason that others are crowding in before them. In the immediate and remote future, even as now, some chance production of the day will become the fashion; and the more idiotic its subject, and slovenly and untrue to life its construction, the more will those eighteen-twentieths enthuse upon it, because 'everybody does.'

"As to the novel of adventure in far countries, I believe it is with us 'to stay.' By this I do not mean the fairy-tale style of adventure, consisting mainly



MR. BERTRAM MITFORD
From a photograph by Mendelssohn

of washings from the *Arabian Nights* and similar puerilities, but the good, sound, stirring romance, with its scenes laid among real localities and real peoples, even though the identity of such be at times thinly disguised. I believe that the interest now taken by the people of this country in our colonial possessions and the opening-up of far-off lands has never been equalled, nor has it even yet attained its fullest dimensions. Under such stimulation the novel of adventure will, in my opinion, hold its own in the fiction of the immediate future, and that to a remarkable degree. I wish to emphasise the term novel of adventure as distinct from the mere tale of adventure—

for a strong plot based upon real human struggles and passions, real human sufferings and successes, thrown out by a dark and lurid background of warfare and peril, will always appeal to the reader of fiction of whatever age or sex, and, indeed, to a considerable number who otherwise would read no fiction at all. And this holds good of the historical novel, although the production of the latter—its merits as such, perforce, largely resting on skilful and elaborate research, as against the advantages of actual experience and observation—must, it seems to me, be limited to a somewhat close circle. But while the sex problem or the 'revolted daughters' will crop up from time to time and become the fashion, the novel of adventure will be subject to no such ephemeral vicissitudes. It is here to stay.

"This brings us to the sex problem from man's, not woman's, standpoint. Here is a subject on which prophecy is extremely hazardous, if only that it is such a difficult one to handle delicately and competently. Yet, thus handled, it is one which may well bear its part in the fiction of the future. The writer who should treat it exhaustively and with knowledge, yet with such unflinching care as to avoid any ground for imputation of coarseness, will, it is safe to say, have struck new ground. There have been attempts and to spare; but the sex problem (male), as setting forth the swinish wallowings of bestial rustics or the squalid horrors of hideous slum-life, though 'up-to-date' and true to life, is not a 'problem' at all. Dealt with, however, from the point of view of the man of birth and culture as distinct from the mere human biped above-mentioned, and set forth by a skilful hand, it should find its place in the fiction of the future, and bear part in that unconscious education which well-written romance, of whatever kind, undoubtedly conveys. And it has now a fair field. The Young Person is no longer a drag on the wheel. She has almost ceased to exist. The Young Person of our day wants to know, and, in point of fact, contrives to know. At the risk of propounding, to some old-world souls, a damnable heresy, there seems no especial reason why she should not know. The fiction of the immediate future will take no great account of the Young Person."

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON writes: "Your question is not very easy to answer. During the last twenty years the growth of fiction has been so liberal and so various, that he would be a bold man who would certify to its future with any confidence. After the period of Thackeray and Dickens we fell upon a time of the sensational, when little but mystery and murder—Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon—would serve our interest. But since then there have been few regions which the imagination and the fancy have not explored. Some of these forms assumed by the novel have been merely temporary; but among them all I think that two great tendencies have been discernible. There

posed upon him by the force of general opinion. The fear of the young person is still upon us, but when once this fear is recognised as groundless, and the young person is either ignored or treated as a reasonable human creature, with aims, emotions, and capacities with ourselves, English fiction will be free to develop upon natural lines. And it is surely natural that novels should keep in consonance and pitch with human nature."

Finally, for a change, here are the views of an editor, Mr. F. H. FISHER, of the *Literary World*: "I am as much at sea as to the future, immediate or remote, of fiction as I am as to the ultimate rate of interest that Consols will yield. Mr. St. Loe Strachey, if I remember aright, puts the latter at five-eighths per cent., or twelve shillings and sixpence, just before the abdication of the heir to the British Crown and the proclamation of a Republic. As the yield has diminished a half per cent. since 1888, it does not require a mathematical genius to work out the sum that would give the exact date when twelve and sixpence will be the annual yield—on the not altogether unjustifiable assumption of a similar continuous decline in the rate of interest in the future—and the period is unpleasantly near. The connection between the yield from Consols and the fiction of the future is so obvious as hardly to need explanation. The least intelligent person must have seen how steady has been the growth of pessimism among the moneyed classes since 1888, and the moneyed classes chiefly count among the patrons of fiction. It is true the free libraries also count for something, but not for much. Free librarians at present buy the books that have a vogue among the well-to-do, and will probably continue to do so as long as the well-to-do can afford to buy novels in any number. But, clearly, there must come a time when the comparatively well-to-do will be so very little above the mere artisan in the possession of income that none but a small body of millionaires will be in a position to lay out even six shillings a year on novels. Just think, six shillings, with Consols yielding five-eighths per cent. per annum, will represent (allowing sixpence for income-tax) six months' interest on one hundred



MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

is the almost aboriginal division into romance and realism. Romance, I imagine, we shall have always with us. The very name marks the source and fountain of the novel. But I am disposed to think that, whereas nothing may prejudice the popularity of this form of fiction, we shall see in the future a clearer and a more general bias towards the novel of realism. By realism I do not mean Zolaism. But I believe that by degrees the public and the publishers will present novelists with the liberty of their art; and that correspondence with conventions which at present hampers and restricts the writer who desires to deal openly and sympathetically with human life, will not be im-

pounds; and please remember the immense difficulty there will be in hoarding one hundred pounds in those days. No man will be able to save enough to retire on, or leave a fortune to his family. Supposing, however, that the moneyed classes can still pay the piper (and therefore can and will set the tune), my idea is that the woes of the so-called leisured class will largely figure in fiction. This

is, I am aware, a shifty answer to your interesting and important question; but if I attempted more I should make my note into a bulky essay, which you would scarcely appreciate. All I will say is that the present movement of Consols tends towards pessimism, and fiction may almost be said to follow Consols as trade follows the flag."

TO HIM.

A MERRY marriage morn, good sir,
 A joyous marriage tide,
 Who found my love, and cheated her
 With mocking from my side.
 For every loyal word you said,
 For every honest deed,
 So many blessings on your head
 To help you in your need.

For that you wrought no act of shame
 And raised no traitor hand,
 Mayhap God's angels love your name,
 Set on your brow no brand.
 Mayhap the God who knows these things
 Will answer this my prayer,
 And make each wedding bell that rings
 Your measure of despair.

For all the wrong you brought to me
 May love and joy increase,
 And may you rest contentedly
 And know the Devil's peace.
 May marriage song and dulcimer
 Sound you no evil note—
 The Hittite's curse on you, good sir,
 My dagger in your throat!

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

A MALIGNANT WOMAN.

"I THINK she was one of the most fascinating, and withal the most cruel, heartless, and malignant women that it was ever my fortune to meet," said Smurthwaite, with a rasp in his voice quite foreign to him.

I could see that the memory of the woman disturbed him. We had been talking about the characteristics of the sexes, and I had upheld with some enthusiasm the superior character of the average woman as contrasted with that of the average man. In the main Smurthwaite had agreed, but he had laid it down as an axiom that, when a woman is bad, she is generally worse than any man, and instanced the case of a Mrs. Brereton—a name that was quite unfamiliar to me, but which Smurthwaite seemed to think I ought somehow to have remembered.

"There's a case for you," he added, with some heat, "which you can do a little cheap moralising over. A youthful enthusiasm like yours will be able to evolve as many contradictory theories from the character of a woman like that as there are days in the year, and each theory will appear to you for the moment the correct one."

I protested with some heat that I knew more of women than he thought.

"Ah! my dear boy," he added, pityingly, "when you have lived as long as I have, I think you will come to the same conclusion as that to which I have been driven, that the longer a man lives, and the more women he studies, the more it will be forced upon him that the only knowledge he has gained is knowledge of his own ignorance."

"Tell me the story," I said, "and let me judge for myself."

"I forgot," he said, "the matter caused very little public remark at the time, and it is now so many years ago that, even if you had heard of it, it would have been only as a child. I took the trouble at the time to prepare what the French call a 'dossier' of the woman's past history." Going to his cupboard, he produced a small bundle of papers tied with tape.

"First of all, I must tell you," he said, "that when I knew her she was, or was supposed to be, a widow, of about thirty years of age, without encumbrances, tall, and graceful, with quantities of wavy golden hair parted in the middle, almost perfect features, and a small but sensuous mouth with full, red lips: lips, though, that under the influence of rage I have seen drawn tight like the steel edges of a reticule. Her eyes were of a curious

greeny brown, very striking, and, I must admit, attractive at a first glance. She had a magnificent colour; at times, indeed, a little too much colour. Dressed in the height of fashion and possessing quiet, ladylike manners, she was a most attractive creature except when, as I said before, she was under the influence of passion, or, as sometimes happened, of drink. Then she was as foul-mouthed a virago as I ever met in the lowest walks of life, and I have been brought in contact a good deal with the lowest classes.

"Well, to return to her history—she was, I believe, a chance child, and was born in a little fishing village not far from Grimsby. Her mother had been a domestic servant in a large mansion in Lincolnshire, and left her employment shortly before the birth of her child, after which she returned to service, leaving the child to be brought up by her grandparents, who were poor fisher folk. Whether her putative father took her education upon himself, or how it was, I do not know, but I traced her at the age of sixteen to a small boarding school in Devonshire, where she acted as governess-pupil. Here she seems to have remained until she was about twenty, and picked up such education as she possessed, and apparently mended her pronunciation. Her ability and cleverness—superficial, it is true, but real notwithstanding—stood her in good stead, and people who knew her at that time considered her a well-bred girl. Whether or not it was at that time the demon of unrest and wickedness seized her, I do not know, but, whatever her temptation was, she suddenly disappeared from Devonshire, and, two years later, came to London as the wife of a Mr. Urmiston, a Scotsman. They lived in pretty good style. In a year, however, he died, and Mrs. Urmiston was reduced to great poverty. I had some difficulty in tracing her subsequent movements, but after some trouble I traced her as half companion, half maid, to an elderly lady living in the country. Her account of herself to this lady was that she was a married woman, whose husband had deserted her and gone to Australia, and was, she believed, alive. In this way she worked upon the sympathies of her employer, and for some three years held a position of considerable comfort with a minimum of occupation. Her mistress

lived in a dower-house with a large park round it, and, having gone to London for a few days and returned somewhat unexpectedly, she found her companion riding one of her horses, while a man, whom she introduced as her husband, was riding another. This led to Mrs. Urmiston's immediate dismissal. Who the man was, where he came from, and what became of him afterwards, I never could learn; but two years later Mrs. Urmiston was once more in London living in a fashionable boarding-house in the West End.

"I had a great friend at this time, one Brereton, a rich retired merchant, a bachelor without any near relation, living at Hornsey. Meeting him one night at a club to which we both belonged, he told me that he was engaged to be married to a widow. He spoke in rather uncertain, hesitating accents about her when I made inquiries—more for politeness' sake than for any other reason—as to who she was. He told me he had met her casually at Gloucester Road Station laden with parcels, with which he had assisted her, and thus got into conversation. He was extremely taken by her appearance. The acquaintance thus made had soon ripened into a stronger feeling, so far as he was concerned, and he had proposed to her.

"He was a mild, retiring man, and spoke in a nervous manner of his love for this beautiful stranger. In vain I impressed upon the wisdom and necessity of making full inquiries into her past and antecedents. He got angry with me, and told me he thought it would be an insult to such a noble and pure woman as she was to even hint at a desire to know more of her past than she chose to tell him. That, I found, was very little. Before the marriage, however, on one or two occasions he told me that on going to call on her at the boarding-house, she had sent a message that she was unable to see him, as she was not well; and it was a matter of surprise to him that on the occasions when they did meet it was always owing to previous arrangement.

"The marriage was delayed some two or three months, and during this time Brereton, who had made me his confidant, used often to come to my chambers to tell me all his thoughts and feelings on the subject of his projected marriage. Once he admitted he had

found Mrs. Urmiston very flushed, and she then said that this was occasioned by her having taken a glass of brandy for neuralgia. I again implored my friend to make certain that he was not wrecking his life by contracting a marriage with a woman of whom he knew nothing; but he was deaf to my entreaties.

"I attended the wedding, which took

missing. In a moment I saw her temper rise; she caught the page-boy by the shoulder, and, giving him a shaking, told him to run up to her room and fetch it down. The beautiful blushing bride of three hours before had shown herself a virago. Brereton saw it, looked at me, and his face blanched.

"Contrary to my expectations, I heard nothing from him during the honeymoon, but on his return, instead of inviting me to his house, he came to see me. I noticed in a moment how altered he was and how aged in one short month. He admitted to me then how foolish and wrong-headed he had been in not following my advice. He told me that his wife was liable to the most violent fits of passion, and that these almost always occurred when she had



"HE TOLD ME HE WAS ENGAGED."

place very quietly in a West End church, and I had my first evidence of Mrs. Brereton's character even before the married couple had left the hotel for their honeymoon. I noticed how frequently she had her wineglass replenished, and before the wedding breakfast was over—only we three were present—her face began to flush. As the luggage was being put up on the carriage, a bonnet box of Mrs. Brereton's was

been indulging too freely in intoxicants. He had endeavoured to dissuade her from the use of them, but her excuse was that she suffered from neuralgia and was obliged to take brandy to relieve the pain. He added that he would not ask me to his house, as Mrs. Brereton had taken a violent dislike to me, and objected to my coming.

"So far as I was concerned, the dislike was mutual. It would be a waste of



"I SAW HER TEMPER RISE"



"I THEN SEARCHED IN A BUREAU"

time to tell you what a hell upon earth poor Brereton's life became. Hardly a week passed but I was the recipient of his melancholy confidences. Violent scenes were the rule, and not the exception, with that ill-assorted couple, and after an exceptional outbreak when she had assaulted him, I advised Brereton to take proceedings for a judicial separation. But I could not persuade him, poor fellow, with his shy, retiring disposition, and his dislike to publicity; nor would he even allow me to write and threaten her with proceedings if her manner towards him did not alter.

"Up to this point I had only thought her an abandoned, drunken woman, but I had no idea of what depths of infamy lay behind. Notwithstanding her fits of drunkenness, I had frequent occasion to find out how extremely clever she was in business matters, as more than once she had accompanied her husband on his visits to my office in connection with his investments. Her shrewd remarks and acute reasoning and thorough knowledge of the matters in hand proved to me what an extremely able woman she was.

"This condition of affairs lasted for nearly three years. Poor Brereton became the wreck of his former self, and I was not surprised to learn from a confidential message I had from one of his servants that he was ill and wanted to see me. Strange to say he had never

made his will since his marriage, and as marriage puts an end to any existing will, I knew that if he died he would be practically intestate. I therefore lost no time in hurrying to his house in Hornsey, only to be told that he was too unwell to see me. I left, however, determining to make an effort to see him on the morrow and to take with me a doctor, as I was afraid to trust him in Mrs. Brereton's hands.

"From the servant who came to see me, I learned that his wife was his constant nurse and attendant, and that she declined to allow anyone else to nurse him, and had not even called in a doctor; that he had gradually become ill, but had only taken to his bed about a week before he had sent for me.

"On the following day, when I went with Dr. Pearson, a personal friend; to call on Brereton, I found that he and his wife had left. He had been taken away in an invalid carriage by his wife to go to the seaside, as she said, and the address to which all letters were to be forwarded would be sent by Mrs. Brereton as soon as they had settled upon lodgings.

"Leaving instructions with the servants that the moment they learned the address they were to let me know, I left, feeling very dissatisfied with the result of my visit.

"A week later I saw in the *Field* an announcement that Mr. Brereton had chartered the sailing cutter *Lotos*, 105

tons, and left for Madeira. A terrible thought struck me the moment I read this announcement, and once more I hurried to Hornsey and told the servants to let me search all the papers belonging to my client. I spent a whole day in the search, but amongst a pile of papers—old receipted bills, income tax and rate papers, business correspondence, prospectuses and other papers—I failed to find anything that would give me a clue to what I was searching for. There

written in a nervous, shaky hand, which I recognised, however, as that of my friend :

"Dear S.,—I am in my wife's power ; God help me ! I believe she is slowly poisoning me, and I have not the strength to fight against her. If I can manage to get one of the servants to take this to you, pray bring a doctor and force your way into the house to me. But my wife watches me like a cat, and for the last four days I have not seen a soul but her,



'YOU POISONED YOUR HUSBAND, YOU KNOW'

was no correspondence whatever between husband and wife—a fact which a moment's thought made quite intelligible, as, so far as I knew, they had never been separated during the three years of their married life. I then searched in a bureau standing in Mr. Brereton's bedroom. It was an old-fashioned affair with a sloping front which let down and formed a writing-table ; drawers and pigeon-holes occupied the upper part. In one of these drawers I came across the following,

and I have not the strength to walk. If this letter should not reach you till after my death, please have my body examined. No more.

E. J. B.

"At last my worst fears were confirmed, and I realised that this diabolical woman had been gradually poisoning her husband, and in order to destroy the slightest chance of discovery, had taken him for a sea voyage and completed her work in such a manner that suspicion would alone, even when backed by her

husband's letter in the absence of his body, be sufficient to bring her to justice.

The yacht *Lotos* duly arrived at Madeira, and reported that Mr. Brereton, who was travelling there for his health, had died on the voyage and been buried at sea.

"In due course Mrs. Brereton returned with the *Lotos* to England, and was not long in finding her way to my office. I had anticipated her visit, and had laid a plan to entrap her into an admission of her guilt. The moment she saw me she asked me by what authority I had been to her house and rummaged all through her late husband's private papers.

"I told her it was on the implied authority I possessed as his solicitor.

"And let me ask you, Mrs. Brereton, a question, now that we are alone. What poison did you use to compass your husband's death?"

"I expected to see her turn pale, but she remained as cool as ever—much cooler, indeed, than I was.

"Poison?" she asked, in apparent surprise. "What do you mean, sir?"

"What I said: poison. You poisoned your husband, you know, and I have got proof of it."

"Well," she said, quite calmly, "you can produce whatever proof you have, and take such steps as you like at your own convenience, but in the meantime I have come to ask you to hand me over, as administratrix of my husband's estate, all his papers and documents."

"I confess I was completely taken aback. She seemed to make so light of the charge—as if it was just an ordinary spiteful remark she expected me to make. I handed over the papers, and that was the last interview I had with her. Under her husband's intestacy she became entitled to half his property, bringing in an income of over £4,000 a year, and that she enjoys to-day. The rest went to distant relatives. I consulted eminent counsel at the time, but was advised that no criminal proceedings would be of any avail under the circumstances; so I was obliged to let the matter rest, knowing full well that another murderess was at large. And at large she remains to this day, a little stouter, a little more flushed, and, if possible, a little more painted than she was in the days when I knew her. I see her sometimes driving in the Park. There is the story; make what you can of it."



Can Volunteering be made Popular?

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

IN a book published about two years ago Mr. Spenser Wilkinson declared that "our Volunteer force is a sham." This definite and uncompromising opinion referred apparently to both the number and

efficiency of the force, and the words were probably an outcome of the zeal that exceeds even great knowledge. But amidst the warlike rumours and alarms with which we have recently been confronted, many people—including the least aggressive of Englishmen—must have been asking themselves whether the Volunteer force is all that it should be, as the alternative to the hateful conscription, on the one hand, and an adequate security from the despotic militarism of the Continent, on the other. The Parliamentary Committee which inquired into the whole subject in 1878 came to the conclusion that

things were fairly satisfactory, whilst that which, in 1894, examined the legal condition and status of our citizen soldiers did not report in favour of any drastic changes. But Parliamentary Committees are often thought to reflect too faithfully the traditional optimism

of the official mind. Moreover, much has happened even since the investigation of 1894, and still more since the wider and more important one of nearly twenty years ago.

The broad, elementary facts are re-

assuring to the friends of the Volunteer system. They would seem to give little countenance to those who, out of distrust in our auxiliary means of defence, have talked plainly of conscription in England. In the first year of its establishment, 1860, the Volunteer force numbered about 120,000 men. It increased rapidly every year until 1869, when the number was close upon 195,000. Then there came a falling off, which lasted for two or three years, the number in 1873 slightly exceeding 170,000. In the following year the figures again mounted, and for the last twenty years the increase has been steadily



COLONEL RODNEY WILDE
From a photograph by C. E. Fry

maintained. The only intermission of any importance was in 1889-90, when the number—then 224,000—fell off by about 3,000. Last year the number on the rolls was 231,704, and if this figure be compared with that of ten years ago it will be found that the



COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY

Volunteer force has grown more rapidly than the population. It is quite true that in the meantime foreign armies have grown even more rapidly, and this it is which alarms Mr. Spenser Wilkinson and others who have no faith in the Volunteer system as a means of national defence. But the true comparison is really between the number of disciplined soldiers in England and the proportion of those in Continental Europe, which, by any naval mischance, might perhaps be disembarked on our shores.

There would seem, indeed, to be a general consensus of opinion that the number of the Volunteers is sufficient, and that the present rate of increase is highly satisfactory. The Committee of 1878 recommended that the maximum establishment should be 250,000, and last year the authorised establishment was 260,968. Colonel Howard Vincent, than whom no member of Parliament has taken a livelier interest in the subject, and who, from his practical experience as well as knowledge, is always one of the first to be consulted on a Volunteer question, writes to me as follows on this point: "In my opinion the present condition of the Volunteer force is all that can be desired. It not only keeps its numbers, but increases them." Colonel Lytton Bulwer, whom I consulted as the commander of a regiment in the typical agricultural district of Dereham, Norfolk, is of opinion that the present numbers are sufficient, "provided there is a provision made to enable retired and useful members to re-join their battalions in case of imminent danger." On the other hand, Colonel Rodney Wilde, the well-known commander of the Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, has the same feeling in his mind when, in reply to my question, he says: "In peace, yes; otherwise, no. Numbers must be governed by circumstances. It would appear that, as the ranks are not in all cases full, the present establishment is as large as is required to provide for the training of those who wish to serve in peace time. Doubtless, in the event of war, or even of the probability of war, a large number would at once offer themselves for enlistment—it has always been so."

These opinions have reference, of course, to the rank and file. The tone is not quite so cheerful with regard to officers. Thus Lord Aberdare, who has

for many years taken great interest in the movement, when asked whether he considered its present position satisfactory, laconically replied: "Yes, as to rank and file; no, as to officers." Colonel Bulwer is of the same mind in saying that, whilst "they could enlist any number of the working-class in the ranks if the Battalion funds would admit of clothing them," there is a deficiency of suitable men for commissions. Colonel Bulwer adds: "A small allowance when at camp, to meet the ordinary expenses, would, no doubt, induce some to seek commissions, but the young man of the present day seems more inclined to join cycle clubs or to loaf about, and does not possess that patriotic spirit which fired those who came forward when the Volunteer force was first formed." Colonel Wilde, who has served in his regiment since 1861, observing that "the higher classes are not now in the ranks, and do not find a sufficient number for officers," believes that "they can be attracted only by being satisfied with the status given to a commission, or when service is looked upon as a duty to their position, and, really speaking, is 'the proper thing to do.' Volunteering can never be made attractive to those who have no inclination for 'soldiering'—training at the public schools is of very great value in forming a spirit for military exercises and work."

Sir Edward S. Hill, M.P., K.C.B., Colonel of the 1st Glamorgan Artillery Volunteers, considers that little can be done to improve the force, "unless, indeed, the ballot were enforced for the militia with exemptions to Volunteers, in which case all difficulties, especially as to officers, would be solved." On this subject of officers Colonel Stebbing, the well-known commander of the Docks and Custom House Corps, declares that "a large number of the vacancies have been filled up, and no doubt by the end of the year more will have joined, the expense of uniforms not now being so great, as the Crown assists in the first outlay." Colonel Stebbing, however, lays great stress on what he describes as the "serious drawback" which officers suffer when their regiments go into camp. "The Crown makes to them only the same allowance as to the men; at Aldershot it is 2s. per day per man. Officers' mess expenses come to much more, and

it would be reasonable for them to ask for the same allowance as militia officers receive, namely, 10s. per day. At present camp expenses fall heavily upon subalterns who want training and experience. Without efficient officers men get contemptuous, and one works on the other."

According to the official returns, there is now but a very small margin of "non-efficiency" in the ranks. In 1895 the "efficients" increased to 97.09 per cent. of the whole force, the number of "non-efficients" being only 6,742. The term efficiency is after all, however, only a relative one, and although, all things considered, the present condition of the volunteers is fairly satisfactory on this score, experts have

no difficulty in suggesting ways in which it could be improved. Thus both Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., and Colonel Stebbing are of opinion that better accommodation is needed by many corps. To the statement, "There is nothing that I am aware of very specially wanted at the present time," the hon. member for Sheffield makes three exceptions:—"First, drill grounds; secondly, ranges; and, thirdly, accommodation in military

camps, so as to make the taking in of the volunteers at Easter, Whitsuntide, and the Bank Holiday week of August not a matter of favour, not a matter of moving out Regular troops or crowding them up too much together, but a matter which could be arranged without the smallest difficulty."

Colonel Stebbing points out that regiments not up to their proper strength could in many cases be popularised by having head-quarters and drill-halls. "This," he adds, "much helps recruiting, and

accounts for the strength of many other corps. It helps on social gatherings and clubs in connection with the corps."

Regarding the subject from a more general point of view, Lord Aberdare writes:—"I think the best means of popularising Volunteer service among all classes would be to endeavour in every possible way to equal the Regular service in efficiency, general appearance, and 'turn-out.'" This tallies with a recommendation that General Grenfell has more than once made in favour of a closer association between the Volunteers and the Army. It is at present through the adjutant in a Volunteer corps that such asso-

ciation is principally maintained, and Colonel Stebbing points out that the value of the adjutant has been improved by abrogating the rule, "Once a Volunteer adjutant, always one." An adjutant now serves for five years with a corps, and he will accordingly try to get a very good record during that time, as a help to promotion in the Regular Service."

In respect to suggestions for further financial assistance from the Treasury, it has to be remembered that the ex-

penditure of the Government on the Volunteers has largely increased of recent years. In 1888, for instance, it was little more than half-a-million, whereas the estimates last year reached £824,000. As an alternative to a further increase, however, in the millions spent upon the Army, the general public would doubtless prefer that additional thousands should be devoted to the development of a volunteer system which has already earned such excellent testimonials.



SIR EDWARD HILL, K.C.B., M.P.
From a photograph by Walery



From Generation to Generation

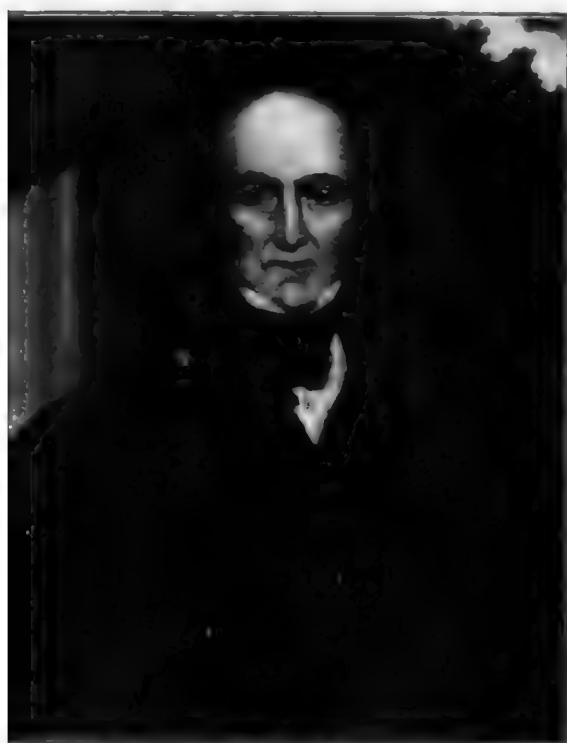
THE HOUSE OF GROSVENOR.



WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL



THE FIRST EARL GROSVENOR



THE SECOND EARL GROSVENOR:
FIRST MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER



THE FIRST LORD EBURY: THIRD SON
OF FIRST MARQUIS



THE SECOND MARQUIS



WIFE OF THE SECOND MARQUIS



THE THIRD MARQUIS: PRESENT DUKE



SECOND WIFE OF THE PRESENT DUKE
From a photograph by G. W. Webster, Chester



FIRST WIFE OF THE PRESENT DUKE

Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE WOLF AND THE STORK.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



CHAPTER I.

DETEST hotels. I have in them always a sense of being in a menagerie. Whether it be that persons in a crowd revert to primitive conditions, or that their collective atmosphere somehow betrays the lower origin, I cannot say. I only know that individuals who at home would be refined enough and decent members of society, suggest a zoo when massed together in hotel. As will doubtless have long since become apparent, I am no amiable person, nor do I think I can be suspected of loving, no matter what scientific interest it pleases me to take in my fellow-man. Therefore I avoid a crowd: therefore I am no frequenter of hotels. Chance took me, however, one summer to a holiday resort in Scotland, a place where men pursue the sport of golf and women prosecute the sport of man. It was but a moderate-sized hotel, and, having been fortunate enough to secure a pleasant suite of rooms, I could retreat into my lair whensoever the gambollings or growlings of my fellow-brutes threatened to disturb my composure.

Saturday being the day of my arrival, the next day was Sunday and unconscionably dull. To relieve the tedium somewhat I dined with the menagerie. At the table next to mine there sat a girl who reminded me of nothing so much as a little white rabbit—she was so blonde of colouring, so mentally and physically fluffy. With her was her mother—a person of sagacious stork-like aspect whose bland eye and beaky profile surveyed the scene from the height of a neck characteristically long

and adroit of movement. That eye detecting me seated lonely at my bachelor table, she by a deft manœuvre changed places with her daughter, so that Miss Bunny of the dimpling cheek and downy hair faced me in all her charm.

"Why am I to sit this side, mother?" I heard her whisper. She glanced side-long from beneath her lashes toward a neighbouring table.

"There is such a draught, my darling," Mrs. Stork returned, responding to her daughter's question. Then answering her glance, "Sir Alfred left this morning."

Mistress Bunny sent one little sigh in the train of the departed Alfred, then apparently dismissed him. A moment later she had lifted a demure engaging glance at me from out of the folds of her serviette.

My vanity was little flattered to discover this inspection followed by a disappointed droop at the corners of her mouth. Plainly I was no welcome substitute for the absent Alfred. Possibly I was twice as old.

Two evenings later Miss Bunny sat again in the draught. For Sir Alfred's table was once more occupied. A young, good-looking man sat there—a stranger, apparently, for the Storks made no show of recognising him. I had thought the evening chilly, but Mrs. Stork to all appearance thought otherwise, for she leaned forward and loosened a pink lace scarf the girl wore round her shoulders—loosened it till it left her soft little throat and shoulders bared.

"You look so heated, dear Dolly," she exclaimed, tenderly.

"Yes, mother darling," the girl responded with a shiver.

The eye of Mrs. Stork, suffused by the gentlest solicitude, sought mine. I

noticed then that my long-necked neighbour was exceptionally smart. And she wore a new and very fine cap. It occurred to me that Mr. Stork had in all probability been gathered to his feathered fathers.

At times, as you know, I am subject to strange impressions. The aura I have mentioned as surrounding houses reveals itself to me as surrounding persons. Dinner was over, and I was engaged on my filberts when suddenly my surface chilled as though a wind passed over it. My hair lifted. The phenomenon known as goose-skin shivered through me. At the same time I was conscious of an eerie high-pitched wailing. I looked round quickly. All the doors were closed. There was no opened window whence draught or sound might enter. All that had happened was that the young man at the next table had left his place and was just about to make his exit by the swinging door. He must have passed behind me at the moment I had heard that wailing.

I observed him later in the smoke-room. There was nothing about him to warrant the uncanny or unwonted. He was a well-grown, fresh-faced youngster of about twenty-four. He had the manner and bearing of a youth of breeding. He sat apart with a somewhat reserved air, smoking and watching a game of billiards. It was a close game, and most of the men in the room were following it with interest. A few bets even were exchanged.

Once I noticed the young man, at a moment when all eyes were bent on a crucial stroke, suddenly flash a swift glance round the room, and discovering

no eye upon him, fling up his head and break into a short, rough laugh. I was sitting near, and it struck on my ear with a jar of savagery. An instant later his face was composed, his looks were on the game, his lips were set about his cigarette. One or two persons turned round sharply in his direction, as though they also had heard and wondered. He



"BREAK INTO A SHORT, ROUGH LAUGH"

met their eyes quietly, and with his air of reserve. But I was not deceived. "That young man, for all his fresh-facedness, is meditating a mischief," I decided. The recollection of my impression came back. I felt uncomfortable, for if ever a laugh threatened murder that laugh of his did.

In the course of the evening I addressed some commonplace to him. Was he a golfer? He answered pleasantly. He

had an agreeable voice ; his eyes were of an engaging blue ; his well-cut features lightened as he talked. I thought his adversary, whosoever he might be, must have treated him badly indeed to rouse such rancour in a youth so well favoured. Some love affair, possibly.

Yet was he not inconsolable, for by ten o'clock next day he had succumbed to the charms of Miss Bunny. I met him with his case of clubs as I went up the hotel steps. "Bitten with the fever?" I interrogated. "Not badly, sir," he answered. "Only lady sitting at table next me — lady with long neck dropped her knitting. Awfully civil when I picked it up. Asked me to show her girl how to make a tee."

A soft little voice at my side insinuated sibilantly.

"I'm ready now, Mr. Carvill. Mother has bought me a new driver. Don't you think it sweetly pretty with that band of blue leather on it?"

He turned and looked down at the

narrow little face with its prominent pink lips and white teeth. He ran a cool eye over her features and smartly-clad form. His slight moustache lifted as though he smiled. He turned and went down the steps. At the foot he dropped a pace behind, his eyes appraising her the while he adjusted a strap of his clubs. Then he glanced round with that same look I had seen the previous evening. Nobody being at hand he lifted up his head—and laughed. The jar of it came grating on the air. My skin rose in pin points. I heard a muffled wailing.

Then they disappeared round the corner, a couple of comely young persons chattering in the sunlight.

I passed into the house and into the drawing-room. At a window half concealed behind a curtain Mrs. Stork craned her long neck. Every line of her betokened exultation. Complacent satisfaction played about her beak. Hearing me she turned. She made two steps in my direction. I fled precipitately.

CHAPTER II.

THAT night young Carvill sat at the Stork table. Little Miss Bunny dimpled and frisked, lifting shy silly glances to him from beneath her pale lashes. She wore no scarf at all that evening, and she shivered in her sleeveless frock. Mrs. Stork's cap was wondrous fine.

Carvill accepted their attentions with a kind of absent nonchalance. He seemed out of sorts, being pale and self-absorbed. But I noticed his glances linger with a curious stare on the undulant curve of the girl's white throat. Once meeting his look she blushed and fluttered, shielding her eyes with her pale-fringed lids. I thought the youth forgetful of his breeding. Mrs. Stork's blandishments were not improving—as they were not calculated to improve—his-manners. I noticed that he drank a good deal of wine.

In the smoke-room later he was hilarious, not to say uproarious. I thought if little Miss Bunny could have heard him talk, his fresh, young, handsome face would have lost some of its charm for her. I wondered whether, had she heard certain views of his, Mrs. Stork would have trusted poor little Bunny of the brain of thistledown so much in his company. But nobody

made it his business to acquaint either mother or daughter with the opinions of this avowed young prodigal.

Miss Bunny started off next morning to complete her education in that matter of a tee. Mrs. Stork stood in the hotel portico, her be-ribboned and rosetted cranium bobbing with a fatuous contentment on her long neck.

"Such a very nice young man," I heard her remark to an acquaintance. The acquaintance nodded.

"Who is he?" she asked.

I caught complacent whisperings.

"Very good connections — wealthy squire—eldest son."

The lady nodded again, interested. Then she glanced somewhat wistfully in the direction of a daughter of her own—a person hopelessly plain of face, who stood brandishing her clubs and talking loudly of some marvellous stroke she had made.

"Do you think so much golf-playing improves girls' looks?" she questioned anxiously.

"My girl Dolly doesn't play much," Mrs. Stork returned, with that air of condescension adopted by the mother of beauty to the mother whose ducklings are but plain. "In fact she hasn't got



"CARVILL SAT AT THE STORK TABLE."

further than learning to make a tee—whatever a tee may be."

"I think it's that waggly way they swing their sticks before they knock the ball. That's either a tee or a bunker. They do give such queer names in golf. But really I don't fancy modern girls have the complexions girls had when they worked samplers."

I was on the point of rising. It was impossible to appreciate Chamberlain's discomfiture at the hands of wily old Kruger during this sort of thing. But

at that moment Mrs. Stork extended her wings and swooped upon me.

"Pardon, my lord," she began, with the lofty air inseparable from her long neck, "but may I borrow your *Times* a moment? I am solicitous about my friend Sir Alfred Baxendale, who is yachting in the Mediterranean. I will return it to you immediately."

I delivered it to her.

"Pray do not trouble to return it, madam," I said; "I provide myself with it solely for the pleasure of presenting it

to the first person who does me the honour of asking for it."

I bowed and rose. Then I repaired to my room and raged. I had read two lines of an exciting despatch, and these were merely prefatory. It would be hours before a paper would be available in the reading-room. Not twenty minutes later a note on scented crocodile paper, my *Times* and a popular novel were brought to me. The note ran thus: "Mrs. (I forget the name, but I fancy it was not Stork) presents her compliments to Lord Syfret, and thanks him extremely for the *Times*. She begs at the same time to lend him a copy of *East Lynne*, which he may not have read, and which may serve to amuse him in this very dull hotel."

I returned the volume with thanks, assuring Mrs. Stork that I never read novels. I gave orders that should any lady under whatsoever pretext attempt to make her way into my rooms she was to be inexorably repulsed. Then I breathed once more and dined that evening by myself. Later I strolled in the gardens. There was a bench whence I could hear the sea break while I smoked. The night was dark, and I had sat some minutes before I perceived the red glow of another cigar a few yards from me. In the dark I distinguished an undefined mass. Then a silly little voice exclaimed:

"I like a man to be awfully good-looking, Mr. Carvill."

Mr. Carvill took two puffs at his cigar. Then he said, indifferently:

"Ah!"

After a pause the silly voice remarked again:

"Don't you like good-looking girls, Mr. Carvill?"

"I prefer 'em decent-looking," Carvill admitted without enthusiasm.

"I suppose you like dark girls best?"

"O, I like 'em all colours. It's a change, you know."

There was a longer pause. Then the voice this time depressed was heard again:

"That's a good-looking girl who sits at the table in the left hand window, don't you think—the girl with rather a red nose?"

"Is her nose red? Good figure. Wears white hats."

"Well, they were once white. But the sea does spoil things so dreadfully. You would never think I've only worn that blue hat I wore this morning once before, now would you?"

Perhaps Mr. Carvill was not listening. Anyhow he answered "No," which was certainly not the answer poor little Bunny was seeking. She was silent for quite an appreciable time.

Then she started again bravely:

"I did so like that heather coat you wore this morning, Mr. Carvill."

Mr. Carvill took out his cigar and yawned. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed. The bench gave a sudden lurch. There was a flutter of skirts as though she had started up, and a smothered little cry.

"O, you said you'd never do it again," she panted. "You know—O, you know how it frightens me. Let me go. O, let me go."

He smothered an imprecation. Apparently he took her by the shoulders and forced her down on to the bench again.

"I told you," he protested savagely, "it's only a habit. For Heaven's sake don't keep on about it so. I did theatricals once and had to laugh like that and caught the trick."

"Let me go. *Let me go*," she insisted. "Mr. Carvill, you are hurting my arm."

His voice changed. A red glow made a hissing curve in the darkness, as he threw his cigar away.

"I'm awfully sorry," he apologised. "Horribly rude of me. I forgot. I get savage when it's noticed."

Plainly Miss Bunny was frightened.

"I want to go in," she whimpered.

"You won't mention it. Promise you won't mention it."

"I promise. No, don't you come. Good-night."

"Good-night. I say, mayn't I, though—just one? I did last night, you know."

But Bunny's white skirts had rustled away in the darkness.

He resumed his seat and lighted another cigar. He puffed it slowly into condition. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the hotel steps next morning Mrs. Stork watched them start. Little Bunny wore a new frock and a serious air that suited its pink frills and flounces ill. She glanced once with beseeching eyes into her mother's face, and then, with a curious sidelong apprehension, at the fresh-coloured profile above her.

The storcine visage smiled with a smile that granite might have envied for its obduracy. Poor little Bunny, seeing it, shuddered, and shouldered her club with the band of blue leather about it. She tripped along beside him, stealing frightened glances up at him so long as they were visible. Then Mrs. Stork turned and ascended the steps, still smiling.

She had gained the doorway when her glance caught me. She coughed, and retraced her way as though seeking something. Finally, with an absent air, she sidled across and sat down at the opposite end of the verandah. I had made up my mind the previous evening. The opportunity presented. I am not wholly devoid of heroism, as my conduct on this occasion shows. I walked over to where she sat. I bowed and extended my *Times*.

"Your friend Sir Alfred Baxendale arrived at Nice last evening," I began. "Perhaps you would like to see for yourself."

She fairly blushed. She lifted and flapped her wings and hopped to her long legs.

"How excessively good of you," she simpered. "Really, how can I thank you."

I sat down as far from her as my powers of vocalisation and the subject at my tongue's end made advisable.

"Your daughter seems fond of golf," I said.

"Devoted," she answered.

"She is a pretty little girl."

Her own and her maternal instincts struggled. Her own had the victory.

"She is not seventeen," she murmured, adding in low tones, "I was myself but a child when I married my late husband."

"Ah!" I answered, abstractedly.

There was a pause, during which the stork's eyes fathomed mine, seeking avidly an answer to the question as to whether my interest in Dolly were conjugal or merely step-fatherly.

To keep to the subject of Dolly, for though my intentions were neither the one nor the other, it was of Dolly I desired to speak. "An only child?" I suggested.

Mrs. Stork nodded. That my interest should extend to other members of the family pointed rather in a step-paternal direction.

"An only daughter," she assented, evasively.

I concluded that Dolly had possibly some half-dozen brothers. But I concealed my suspicion, while Mistress Stork stole a plump, complacent hand to her head and settled her cap ribbons. Then she cast down her eyes and waited.

"You know Mr. Carvill?"

It was not a question she expected. She re-arranged her views. An interest in Carvill suggested jealousy on my part, in which case—Mrs. Stork raised her lids and looked directly into my eyes. Once more she was merely maternal.

"O, yes," she said, less sweetly. "He has been here for nearly a week. We have seen a great deal of him. Such a very nice young man we think him."

"Ah!" I said.

She stole a sharp glance toward me. Plainly this was jealousy. I thought the storcine vanity ruffled. But if not mother, why not daughter?

"My Dolly has quite taken to him," she insinuated tentatively.

"You will pardon me," I answered. "He who does not confine himself to his own affairs generally makes a fool of himself; but I should like to say a word about this same young Carvill. Ladies"—here I bowed with my best air—"ladies are proverbially single-minded. But is it altogether wise to allow Miss Dolly to spend so much time in the company of a stranger?"

"It is so good of you to advise me," she murmured. "I need always somebody to advise me," she added in a flutter. The step-paternal theory was working uppermost again.

"I am interested in young people," I asserted, distantly.

"It is so good of you," she murmured a second time. "But Mr. Carvill has been so well brought up, Lord Syfret."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I agreed;

"I am speaking on general principles. To tell the truth, the boy has a rough way." I was recalling the previous evening. "He is a little strange."

"If there were anybody else," she said, "Dolly feels so lonely. She is such a loving child. She must attach herself to somebody. Now if an older man—someone more responsible—someone I could trust implicitly——"

"The girls here are good golfers and seem friendly with one another," I interrupted. Mrs. Stork bridled her long neck. She stared at me somewhat coldly. But she still maintained her smiling front.

"Dolly is timid with girls," she said. "and the girls here are mere hoydens. To tell the truth, Lord Syfret, Dolly—little puss—prefers masculine society. She is so fond of intellectual and progressive thought."

I mentally reviewed poor little Bunny's cranial development. I remembered her loose little lips and prominent teeth.

"Indeed," I responded, without a smile.

"Yet she is nothing of a blue," she added, in a hurry.

"I am sure of it," I said.

"Perhaps you play golf, Lord Syfret?" Mrs. Stork suggested, with a sudden change of front.

"Heaven forbid!"

"Or croquet?" Dolly said, yesterday——"

"Nor croquet, madam."

Mrs. Stork beamed all at once dignified. It began possibly to dawn upon her that my interest was without intention. But she made one more effort.

"You are like me," she said, insinuatingly. "You are above the trivialities of life. All that you need to complete your happiness is quiet and congenial companionship——"

"You are right, madam," I assented, "the most quiet and congenial of all companionships—the company of books."

She rose. "Lord Syfret," she said with dignity, and not without acrimony, "I thank you extremely for your kind consideration. My belief in human nature would be greatly strengthened, could I but think you had spoken from some other than mere personal motives. However, despite your evident hostility—quite unfounded—against dear Mr. Carvill, I shall be careful not to breathe a word to the poor young man of your unwarranted—may I say unworthy—suspicions. The boy is so sensitive, so generous—he would be cut to the heart, indeed, if he knew what an implacable secret enemy he has. Your *Times*, Lord Syfret, and *Good-morning!*"

I dined that evening in my room alone.

CHAPTER IV.

"MR. CARBLE says, 'Damn you!' and why didn't you get his knife properly ground?" the waiter inquired of the porter as I crossed the hall the next morning.

"Tell Mr. Carble damn him, and his knife can't be ground not any sharper than it is," the porter rejoined, in a tone of suppressed exasperation. "The fuss he's made about that knife of his nobody wouldn't believe. It's been at the cutler's three times already. If he wants it done any better, he'd best set to and do it himself."

"That's what he seems to think. He was sharpening away at it on his strop like mad when I come down. He says he'll put a hedge on it to raise Cain."

At this juncture they perceived me. The conversation ceased abruptly.

Carvill passed some minutes later with his clubs. From a glance of his I

had met the previous evening, I was aware that Mrs. Stork had faithfully reported my remarks. I reflected that again before I died I had rendered myself ridiculous. For Miss Bunny and Carvill had spent the whole evening together, and had risen early in order to go round the links before breakfast.

This morning he was all smiles. Seeing his fresh young face beaming friendly upon me, I experienced some discomfiture. I never regret, or I might have regretted my lack of discretion.

"Golfing again," I exclaimed, returning his salute.

"Golfing again," he assented, cheerily. He was a youth of contradictions. The night before the smoke-room had fairly resounded with his uproarious and iniquitous doctrine. This morning he was boyish and fresh-skinned.



"EVE WAS THE FIRST OF YOU"

Mrs. Stork came out as usual to see them off. She bowed to me with an air of majestic forbearance.

"Everybody has gone over to North Berwick to see Balfour play, they tell me," she gurgled, "so you two will have the golf course to yourselves."

"Mother," I heard little Bunny whisper, agitatedly, "what has he got a big knife in his pocket for?"

Mrs. Stork laughed and frowned together. She patted the girl's pale cheek.

"Little, little mammy's silly," she exclaimed. "Why, the knife of course is to—to cut the tee with."

"O, but how stupid. You can't cut

tees, mother. O! I don't want to go with him. I don't want to go with him."

There was no smile now on Mrs. Stork's face. Granite again might have envied her.

"I shall take you home to-morrow, then," she said, in tones that whipped.

The girl put a faltering face up.

"No, no," she whispered, with a little sob, "not that, mother dear. I'll—I'll go with him."

She went.

At the corner where the path turned out of sight I saw him pat his pocket. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed.

CHAPTER V.

AT lunch the coffee-room was empty. There had been an exodus, indeed, to see Mr. Balfour play.

I had just sat down to my table and was grumbling about something or another—in hotels the man who grumbles loudest is the man best served—when Mrs. Stork entered alone. The triumph in the eye she cast on me was complacent to fatuity. Had she belonged to a different class she would have set her elbows on her hips and hurled a "yah!" at me.

Instead of this she beckoned a waiter and asked him loudly, "Have you seen Miss—the name scarcely sounded like 'Stork'—and Mr. Carvill?"

"No, ma'am," the answer was, "not since they went out after breakfast."

"Not since they went out after breakfast," Mrs. Stork reiterated for my benefit.

She ordered champagne. Then she set the full-stop of her eye upon me with an eloquence denied to speech. "If this don't mean business, my lord," said that eye of hers, "I'll just thank you to tell me what it does mean."

At the moment I should have been thankful if I could. The conviction that I could not, spoilt the flavour of my lobster. My appetite was gone. I thought I would try a stroll across the golf-links.

"Heavens! sir, where are you going in such a hurry?" a rasping voice demanded. I had run full tilt into somebody entering as I left.

I did not waste breath in answering. I picked up the two heaviest-looking

sticks the hat-stand held. One I kept for myself, the other I put into the hands of the hall-porter.

"You are to come with me," I said.

"Your lordship," he protested, "it's as much as my place is worth."

"Leave that to me. I have something for you."

Perhaps my manner impressed him, for without further ado he grasped the stick and strode after me. He was a powerful fellow I was pleased to note.

"Is it Mr. Carble, your lordship?" he puffed. He was scarcely in condition for the pace we were making.

"I am anxious about a lady who went out with him this morning."

"Not been back since?"

"No."

The man whistled apprehensively.

"Looks bad," he said. "His man was saying only last night he didn't like the looks of him. He's got a brother in an asylum. Can't really get on any faster, my lord."

The links were a desert of sand, with here and there bunkers, and furze clumps, and artificial water-courses, which did duty for "burns." The ground was of the roughest, up hills and down dales of miniature size, with here and there smooth stretches of grass for "putting greens." There was not a soul in sight. But with that irregular formation we might at any moment come upon them in some dip of ground, or behind some sand-hill. We kept our eyes about us, and our weapons in the background. Our sudden appearance might by some

horrible mischance precipitate matters. If indeed—— We hurried on.

If luck had not been on our side that mischance would have happened.

We were striding up a furze bank when I heard him laugh. There was no restraint or repression in it now. It rasped out terrible and long. It gashed the silent air. He had flung off the mask. God grant we were not too late!

I turned and caught the man behind me by the shoulder. I forced him to his knees. We crept up silently amid the furze. Arrived at the top we came in sight of them. They were some distance below us on a ledge in the sandy side of the slope. It would be impossible for us to approach without being seen. It would be impossible to reach them without giving him some minutes' start, for the ground was rugged and soft, and there was a hollow we must dip into and scale again before we could get to them.

Poor little Bunny sat huddled together facing the point where we crouched and the situation with distended eyes. Carvill stood over her, his profile to us, but keeping a furtive and continuous watch about him. One end of a razor strop was between his teeth, the other was in his left hand.

Along its stretched surface he slipped the sharp blade of a murderous-looking knife. I cursed the fate of circumstance. We could not advance a foot without discovering ourselves. And the slightest thing might set his knife at her throat.

"You'll never have a chance now of telling about my laugh," he said.

His speech was hindered by the ring of the strop between his teeth, but the words came clearly up the bank.

"No," she assented helplessly, her eyes fixed fascinated on him.

"It's you women who do all the mischief in the world," he went on, argumentatively. "You've got to be got rid of."

She made no answer other than an inarticulate moan.

He turned on her savagely, brandishing his knife.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said yes," she cried meekly.

"So, as I said, I'm going to cut your throat the moment I get this damned knife sharp enough." Then, "What did you say?" he demanded again, brandishing the blade.

I measured the distance between us, I rose on my knees; but I feared. The slightest thing might set him on her.

"I said yes," she said meekly again.

Then, whether from sheer silliness or instinctive design, the poor little creature added feebly, "It will spoil my new frock, you know, Mr. Carvill."

I heard the big man beside me draw breath into his chest with a sob like a child's. I put my hand in warning on his shoulder. Carvill stopped sharpening his knife.

"Confound it! I never thought of that," he said.

Little Bunny had some sense after all. She saw her advantage, and made capital.

"It's so very light," she continued, looking guilelessly into his face; "it will show every stain."

"Confound it," he broke out violently, "I never thought of that. Why didn't you put on a darker one?"

"I will to-morrow," she assented, eagerly. "We can come again to-morrow. I will wear my old blue serge. That will not matter a bit."

Her voice broke. I could see by her terrible pallor the horror she was striving with.

"No," he objected. "It's going to be done now. You're not to be trusted. And by to-morrow there have got to be a thousand women less in the world. It's they do all the mischief."

But there was an air of discomfiture about him. In the ill-balance of his unhinged mind the thought of the spoiled frock affected him unpleasantly.

He sharpened his knife with an air which, though dogged, had an element of irresolution about it. He muttered to himself. Once he clenched his fist and shook it toward high heaven, the while the pupils of her eyes distended on him till their china blueness was a blackened horror.

Then he proceeded to strengthen his position by argument.

"You tell lies—all you women do," he blustered. "You deserve anything. You do nothing but deceive and cheat a man."

"But I don't," she pleaded, "I never tell big lies, Mr. Carvill, only little fibs sometimes that don't hurt anybody. Really I never do, Mr. Carvill."

Her voice half broke again.

"It's a lie, it's a lie, it's a lie," he shouted frenziedly. "I'm not going to be talked out of it. If *you* don't, other

women do, and you've got to die with the rest. You take a chap's money and you want diamonds and anything you can get. You're so confounded greedy." She stretched two trembling palms to him, palms as pink and impotent as flower-petals.

"I am not really greedy," she pro-

going to be talked out of it. I only wish there was edge enough on this confounded blade, and you'd see how little effect your talking has."

"Eve was the first of you," he began again. "She was a woman, and brought all the trouble into the world. You can't deny that."



"A MINUTE LATER HE CRIED OUT AND FELL"

tested. "Really, Mr. Carvill, I am not. I only thought you might not mind me having that golf ball. You have so many. And I didn't really expect you to give me the gloves—not if you don't want to. You're wrong if you think I am greedy."

He stuffed his fingers into his ears.

"I'm not listening. I can't hear a word you say," he said. He shuffled with his feet and hummed. "I'm not

"No," she said hopelessly, "I can't deny that, because it's in the Bible."

"Well then," he shouted, "that clinches it, and you've got to be killed for it."

She took refuge in her former plea.

"It will spoil my new frock," she cried out, piteously.

"Well, hang it, why didn't you put on some other," he vociferated.

Suddenly he broke out laughing.

"Why," he cried, "you can take it off. What a little fool you are. Of course you can take it off."

Her face fell dismally. The loose lips twitched with a grievous helplessness. And all the while we lay there afraid almost of breathing, lest we should set him on her.

"Yes, I could take it off," she faltered.

He passed his nail across the knife-edge. He flung the strop away.

"Then hang it, why don't you?" he shouted. "I'm ready now, and a precious lot I've got to do before morning."

The poor little thing made one heroic effort. She cast her eyes down shyly. I believe she actually blushed, though how her bloodless cheeks accomplished it Heaven only knows.

"O, Mr. Carvill, I should be ashamed to take my frock off with you here," she stammered modestly.

Again he was taken aback.

"I never thought of that," he said, nonplussed. "Curse it, why do you make such a fuss. I shall never have done to-night."

Her hand, resting on the sand beside her, flung up a feathery spray to the tremble of her fingers.

"If you were to go up the bank—" she faltered, with a pretty timidity, pointing directly where we lay.

("I thought, from the first, she'd caught sight of us," the porter gulped in my ear, "bless her plucky little heart and spare her")

"If you were to go up the bank," she repeated, tremulously, "I could—I

could——" She could say no more. Now Heaven grant she do not break down. It must have been fear rather than courage that sustained her, for breath and strength were spent.

I gathered myself for a rush. In any case there could be but one ending. He strode in front of her and stood there glaring. If she had cried out or shown the slightest fear he would have killed her then. But she showed no fear. Her large eyes rested on him vacantly.

"Swear you won't run away?"

Poor little creature. She had not breath enough to swear. But she nodded.

"And you won't call anyone?"

Her lips motioned "No."

He turned with an impatient oath and came clambering up the bank.

"A chap can't be a beastly cad," he muttered.

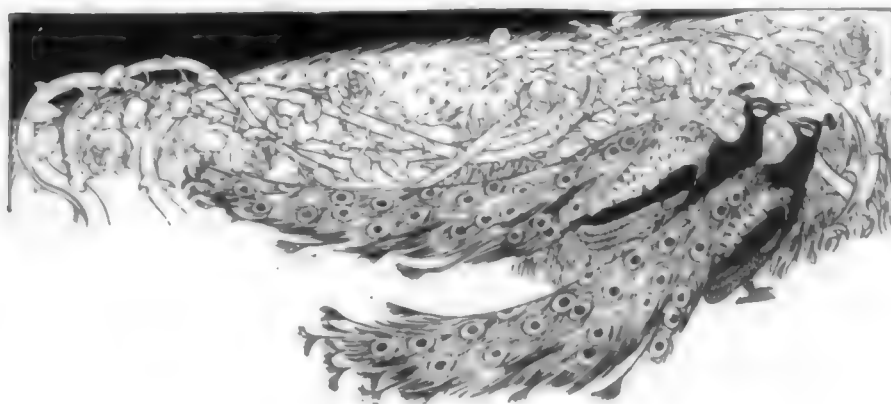
A minute later he cried out and fell. The porter's stick and muscles had effected that. We took his knife from him and secured him as well as we were able.

Then I leapt down the slope. Poor little girl! She was sitting wan and pallid, her trembling fingers fumbling at the buttons of her half-unfastened bodice.

"I saw you all the time," she whispered, "but I didn't think it would be any use."

She caught my hand clingingly. "Lord Syfret," she entreated with a little sob, "don't ever tell mother I hadn't time to fasten up my frock."

Then she slipped down from her sitting posture, and lay in a faint amid the sand.





WRITTEN BY A. BERESFORD RYLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.



At the present moment the star of the French school may not outshine all competitors in the heaven of art, yet Paris now stands almost without rival as a teaching centre. Its popularity among students of painting and sculpture, students of every denomination and nationality, is due mainly to the academies of Julian, Colarossi, and

others. In the old days the aspirant had either to place himself under some master, or to gain admittance by means of a series of examinations in drawing, anatomy, architecture, &c., to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where the Government provided free education. The Beaux Arts closed its doors to women, though they have since gained admission, while it admitted foreigners, who were debarred, however, from the competitions. One of the drawbacks of this Institution was the fact that the individuality of the student was to a great extent merged in that of the professor, and his artistic instincts were directed, more or less, along an academically narrow track, whence it was difficult to deviate: thus,

there was great risk of the pupil becoming a mere copyist. These objections do not exist in the free academies, because no attempt is made by the professors to influence the students in their way of working, each enjoying complete liberty of style. The corrections are framed, as far as possible, on the particular lines the pupil may have adopted, though insistence is naturally made on the salient points of drawing and colour. The British reader, who has not crossed the threshold of a public studio, may derive some interest from an account of the inner life of a Paris *atelier*, and as there is but little difference in the arrangements of these studios, one of M. Julian's may be taken as an example.

L'Academie Julian consists of nine different *ateliers*, five devoted to men and four to women, where are some eight hundred pupils, whereof about one third are foreigners. The student is allowed to choose on entering the professors whose instruction he desires, and he accordingly joins that *atelier* whereof they have the control. The most extensive and most interesting of the men's studios is that in the Rue Dragon. It is a large oblong room divided into three parts or "sides," as they are called, respectively presided over by MM. Bougereau and Ferrier, MM. Baschet and Schommer, while a third is occupied by a sculpture class under the guidance of M. Puech. On a raised platform models of both sexes are posing for the nude and tightly packed groups of embryo-painters are endeavouring to catch modulations of form and light,



"JULIAN'S"

while in a distant corner of the room the emulators of Praxiteles, in blouses which have lost their pristine whiteness, are working at small clay figures. The atmosphere is so oppressively hot that many of these wooers of Art are perched coatless on their stools; a few are chatting, others singing, some whistling, the majority silent—until the entrance of a stranger, who commonly receives a welcome, universal and vociferous, tempered with a gentle admonition not to disturb the model, and with an occasional suggestion that he should “stand drinks all round.” High up on the walls, safe from the dangers of palette scrapings, are stretched a regular array of prize canvases—Academies, torses and portraits—bearing such signatures as those of Bramtôt, Doucet, Baschet, Paul Peel, Jack and many others, who have already inscribed their names on Fame’s roll. Above these, like camp followers, is a little host of caricatures of past and present students. The groups or “sides” are presided over by a *massier* who is chosen by the vote of his fellow-workers, on account of his merit and his popularity. His functions—strictly honorary, and usually thankless—consists in choosing the model, and arranging the weekly places, in acting as treasurer of the fund provided by the small varnishing fees paid by each pupil on his entrance, and in sundry other duties of a monitorial nature. The present *massier* of M. Baschet’s “side,” a handsome young American, is the first foreigner that has been elected to that post.

The models are chosen on Monday morning, when the studio wears an animated aspect, for, in addition to the usual complement of pupils, there are many models of both sexes waiting to be booked for the immediate present or distant future. Various poses suggested by the *massier* are interpreted by the model, and the choice is decided by vote. The choosing of places, a matter of no little importance, is determined by a weekly *croquis*, whose subject is given by the professor, who classifies the competitors according to merit—thus number one follows the *massier* in the selection of position for his easel, and so on. For those who do not compete, arrangement of places is effected in alphabetical order, a fresh letter being fixed with each week. The working day is divided into two

parts, from eight in the morning till noon, and from one till five o’clock. The first half is the more popular, though a few work all day. The model—who maintains the same pose throughout the week—sits from eight till five with a fifteen minutes’ rest every hour, and a break of an hour at noon. During these rests there is a universal movement in the studio, and you then note the varying characteristics of the motley crowd.

Every nationality is represented, though of *la légion étrangère* the British and American form a huge predominance. An anthropologist would revel in the types that catch the eye; here a would-be Bohemian, with unkempt locks and straggling beard, dressed in corduroys and flannel shirt, is chatting gaily with a clean-shaven and close-cropped “dude,” whom Fifth Avenue has stamped with its own peculiar mark; and there a fierce-moustached Hungarian, a prize-man from Buda Pesth, is attacking in turn a little rat-eyed Russian, and a balloon-faced German, who have combined together, in spite of French opinion, to “slate” his master. In the centre of the room, surrounded by an excited band of Frenchmen, a broad-shouldered Briton is expatiating in execrable French on the advantage of *la boxe*; while at his side a Scotsman is giving a practical demonstration of the merits of golf. The ages of the students vary from sixteen to sixty, many taking to art late in life simply as an amusement, while others of artistic temperament have slaved for many years in the uncongenial atmosphere of business in order to be in a position to pay for a few years’ training in a profession more adapted to their tastes. One of the most popular men at Julian’s is a Scotsman, who, having made his money as a merchant in India, entered the studio with the weight of sixty years on his shoulders, though his jovial face and airy gait seem to have defied the ravages of time. The rowdyism once characteristic of such a gathering exists no longer, though at times the imp of mischief is in the ascendant, and a model’s back is occasionally substituted for clean canvas, or a light ladder is quietly allowed to fall on the unsuspecting head of a guileless foreigner. On New Year’s Day a Glasgow man delighted a wondering audience with the intricacies of a sword dance on the model’s table, which per-

formance was succeeded by a procession through the street, the aforesaid Scot heading the *cortège* with the bag-pipes.

The process of initiation each new student had formerly to undergo, which consisted in kindling a small fire under his stool or anointing him with varnish or any other similar unguent, is now a relic of the past. On his admission to the sacred rites of the studio "the fresher" has to invite his artistic brethren to a modest feast dedicated to Bacchus, the dedication taking place at a neighbouring café. Curious and interesting is the friendly intercourse that exists between the models and the students, and in the intervals they stroll round in their *peignoirs*, chat with their particular friends, and sometimes stop before an easel to make some chaffing remark. On Monday mornings a popular model receives quite an ovation as she arrives and shakes hands with every one in the studio. There are about seven hundred models in Paris, the women being as a rule French and the men Italian. The most famous model was Sarah Brown, the heroine of the Bal de Quat'z Arts, whose disappearance was mysterious as her parentage and nationality. She sat for the most famous artists of Paris: she was the model for Carolus Duran's Luxembourg picture. Quite apart from her beauty, she possessed an uncommon gift of oratory, a withering power of repartee, and an intimate knowledge of argot, in addition to a no mean critical capacity. She had a wonderful influence over the students, whom she frequently harangued, and in her visits to the Salon she rivalled Sarah Bernhardt in the number of her admiring followers. It was through her that the Emeute des Etudiants took place in '93, when the trams and omnibuses in the Boulevard Michel were overturned and the Kiosks fired, and when at one time the Quartier Latin seemed threatened with a juvenile revolution.

The masters visit each *atelier* twice a week to make corrections. Sitting before each easel the Professor points out mistakes in drawing and colour, and gives general criticism and advice, now

and again effecting some alteration with brush or pencil. The duration of the visit depends greatly on the deserts of the student, a hard-worker receiving a Benjamin's portion. The majority of the workers adhere to Academic paths; but a few wander among the misty groves of impressionism, some adopting the *genre* of Manet or of Bésnard, others attempting the mosaic style of Martin,



"COLAROSSA'S"

while one American contents himself with the employment of only three colours: these productions are not as a rule subjected to the professor. In a large studio like this the progress of the pupil is influenced almost as much by watching the "strong" workers as by professorial instruction.

In the winter term there are five monthly *concours* (the Académie two torses, one portrait) for prizes of a hundred and fifty and a hundred francs, for which about a hundred men and half that number of women, selected by the



AT PLAY

professors, compete. There is a similar competition for the School of Sculpture, the work being done in clay. In addition there are medals and other prizes awarded at the discretion of the professors. That the system of securing good work by honest competition is eminently successful may be demonstrated by the fact that since '79 pupils of Julian's academy have gained the Prix de Rome nine times, to say nothing of medals and awards each year from the Beaux Arts and the Salon.

The arrangements of the ladies *ateliers*—almost conventual in their rigorous exclusion of the male sex, are, otherwise, the same as the men's—they have the same professors and working hours, and even compete with the stronger sex in the *concours*, where they are often successful, especially in portraiture. Marie Bashkirtseff was one of M. Julian's most promising pupils.

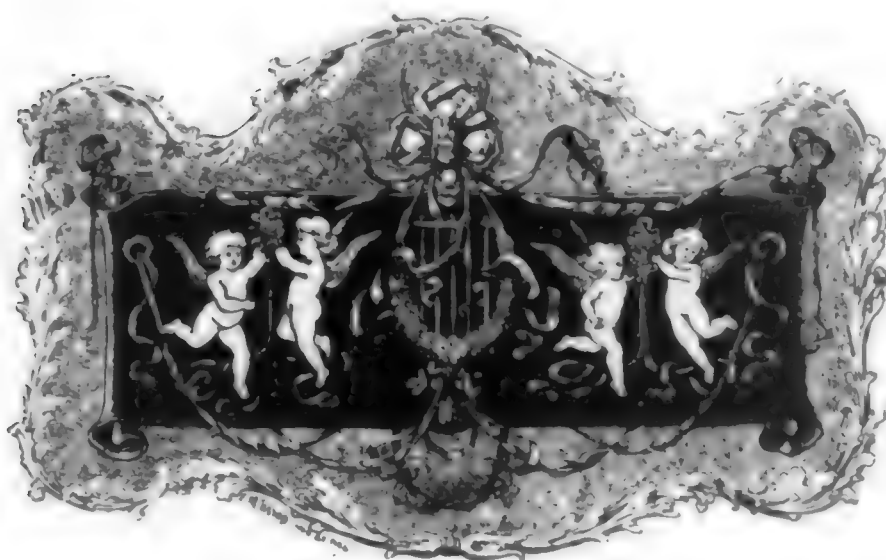
M. Colarossi's *ateliers* are almost the same as Julian's, though at the former

Académie a speciality is made of drawing from the nude, and the classes are so held as to afford opportunities, to those occupied during the day, for in addition to the ordinary *cours* of painting and sculpture, there are two evening classes from seven till ten, one for men and women together, the other for women alone. Perhaps the great attractions of Colarossi's is the *cours de croquis* every day from half-past four till half-past six, when the model gives different poses of twenty-five minutes each, and it is wonderful what an excellent sketch can, with practice, be done in a time so short. On Sunday there is a whole day costume class.

Of the private *ateliers* of Paris—and they are reckoned by scores—space prevents mention of all save two—those of M. Bougereau, one of the professors at Julian's, and M. Castaigne, occupying a similar position at Colarossi's. M. Bougereau, one of the fathers of the Academic School, and the finest draughtsman in Europe, kindly received the artist and the writer of this article in his two-roomed studio in the Rue Notre Dame-

des-Champs. On entering the larger and more lofty of the apartments attention was at once attracted by a large canvas representing a Bacchanial festival, done in '84, the composition whereof is in M. Bougereau's best style; and his last completed picture, lying on an easel, is a group of women with a Cupid in their midst—at the side of this is a half-finished Crucifixion—while scattered about the room are various canvases with the bare outlines of figures. In the smaller room the Professor was engaged before a model, giving the finishing touches to his Salon picture—a nymph on the sea shore. In course of conversation, M. Bougereau gave it as his opinion that the Impressionist School has had its day, since its followers, with but meagre power of drawing and lack of colour-harmony, are producing work contrary to the canons of Art and at the same time displeasing to the eye. Finally we found M. Castaigne, the

famous "black-and-white" artist, in his pretty little studio in the Rue des Fourneaux, working at his latest contributions to the *Century*, with the fortunes whereof he has been intimately associated for some time past. Certainly, no artist has produced more striking effects or more delicate tones capable of reproduction in monochrome than M. Castaigne. In discussing the present standard of Art in Paris, he deplored the fact that the majority of young artists attempted to paint before they had learned to draw, and that on this account they were debarred from the success they might otherwise have attained. Of this there can be no doubt. The ways of Art, stony and precipitous, require courage and perseverance, qualities not singularly characteristic of the younger generations of painters, who, to be successful, must love "glory more than money, Art more than glory, and Nature more than Art."





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE DANCE OF DEATH

WILLIAM TUDOR FORBES, senior lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars, ran lightly up the staircase of the officers' quarters in the cavalry barracks at Torchester. Walking along the corridor, he came to Captain Aubrey Ffolliott's door, at which he stopped and knocked.

"Come in!"

Forbes walked into the room, and, taking a letter from his pocket, handed it to Ffolliott.

"Read that. It's from George Henry. What are you going to do in the matter?"

George Henry was the eldest son and heir of a local landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Torchester. His father, who had succeeded to an estate impoverished by the excesses and extravagances of a long line of aristocratic ancestors, had made it the special business of his life to redeem the property from the mountain of mortgages which burdened it. By denying himself all the luxuries and most of the comforts of civilised life, he had paid off many of the mortgages, and he hoped to leave the estate to his heir free of debt. In the meantime, George only had a very small allowance for one in his position, so small that he often regretted his father's persistence in his economic policy. He would have preferred a little more ready money in the present, and, as for the future—well, if it could not take care of itself so much the worse for it. This view, however, was carefully suppressed, for George was afraid of the old man. The letter which the senior

subaltern handed to Ffolliott read as follows:

"Langholme,

22nd May, 189—

"Dear Forbes,—I have got myself into a pretty mess. I ran up to town the other day on some lawyer's business for my father. Our mutual friend, Ffolliott, travelled by the same train. We went to see the 'New Barmaid,' and after supper adjourned to the 'Spitfire' club, which, as I suppose you know, is only another name for a select gambling shop. You know, old fellow, that cards are my besetting sin—you remember Oxford—well, the long and the short of it is, that I owe Ffolliott a lot more than I can afford to pay at the present moment. What to do I don't know. If I make a clean breast of it to the governor it will get his back up. Do you think Ffolliott would wait for six months? I can let him have my life assurance policy as security. Then my year's allowance will come in handy. Will you sound him on the subject, and let me know the result.

"Yours ever, GEORGE HENRY

"P.S.—I'll never touch a card as long as I live.—G. H."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Forbes enquired when Ffolliott had read the letter.

"Do? Henry must pay up, of course. A man should not play unless he is prepared to pay."

"How much does he owe you?"

"Only five hundred pounds: a mere trifle to a man with Henry's prospects."

"But, stop a bit, Ffolliott, George is a



"READ THAT, IT IS FROM GEORGE HENRY"

very great friend of mine—an old school chum—and I know his circumstances. His father keeps him awfully close. The money is good enough, and why not give him time. It will ruin him if his father gets hold of this card business."

But it did not suit Captain Ffolliott to wait. As a matter of fact he himself wanted the money badly. It would just stop a hole. His own creditors were pressing; more than pressing, they were clamorous.

"Look here, Forbes, a debt of honour is a debt of honour, and must be paid. I am afraid I can hold out no hope of giving your friend an indefinite period of time to discharge his liability. He can apply to the Jews. He can raise money on a post-obit easily enough."

Which being interpreted signified that George Henry might go to the Jews—or the devil—for the consideration which it was plain he need not expect from his friend. Perhaps it served him right. The way of the gambler is hard.

Lieutenant Forbes lost his temper, about the worst thing a man can lose when in a position of difficulty—either for himself or his friend.

"I am sorry I showed you the letter," he said coldly. "I might have known better. And I may as well tell you straight that I think it a very fishy transaction on your part to take a mere boy into a gambling club; induce him to play for high stakes; and then leave him in the lurch, or rather chuck him bodily into the lurch—to elaborate the phrase."

"Your opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me," Ffolliott said with equal coldness. His voice, indeed, was studiously calm; but his eyes were ugly.

"I wonder what the regiment would think?" Forbes continued. "You are nearly twice Henry's age. You will be held responsible if 'the boy gets into trouble.'"

This was the crucial point. Ffolliott was near the age limit. His majority, however, was almost due, and if he could get through the present financial crisis in his career all would be well. If he could not he would be obliged to retire—without much credit. Once or twice, if not oftener, there comes a time in every man's life when he must fight for his own hand irrespective of the personality of his opponent. Such a time had come to Ffolliott. He must have young Henry's money or surrender his own life—that is, his reputation. He decided without difficulty to surrender George Henry's. He arose from his chair and, speaking in an ex-cathedra voice, said:

"You are impertinent, Mr. Forbes; I take no insolence from you or any man in the regiment, or out of it. Let your friend come here and arrange his own affairs. I do not require and shall not permit your interference. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," Forbes answered very quietly. "Later on you will understand me." With which ambiguous remark he banged the door, and strode off down the corridor to his own room, there to write a hurried note to George Henry. This was shortly afterwards despatched to that unhappy youth by a mounted orderly. It was neither grateful nor comforting to the recipient.

Two days afterwards Captain Ffolliott walked down to the County Club, where he met Henry by appointment. They adjourned to a lawyer's office, and Henry assigned absolutely his life-policy for £2,000 to his creditor as security for the debt of £500: the policy to be re-assigned on payment of the debt.

* * *

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was chatting with an old army friend (Colonel Thomson, commanding 22nd Hussars), in the smoking-room of the United Service Club. The conversation was interrupted by an attendant, who informed the specialist that he was wanted at the telephone.

"Well, good-bye, Thomson," he said, shaking hands with his friend. "I shall hardly see you again for some time; you go back to Torchester to-night, don't you?"

"Yes; I am sorry to say I do. Could have done with another week in town very well. But my second in command goes on leave to-morrow, so I must get back. You won't forget the regimental ball, Hedford?"

"Balls are not very much in my line," Hedford replied with a smile. "I'd much rather you would let me off."

"Oh, you must turn up," Colonel Thomson said. "The Duke has promised to come, and it is just possible the Prince will honour us. Besides, you will meet quite a number of old Indian cronies. Torchester's full of them. You will come! That's right! Good-bye, Hedford. So glad to have met you again."

Hedford went to the telephone, and found he was particularly wanted at the office of the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company by Mr. Montague Scott, the manager.

"Another mystery, I suppose," the famous toxicologist muttered, as the cab in which he was seated bowed rapidly along Piccadilly. "I am getting sick of

this business. I feel half-inclined to give it up. What's more, I feel wholly inclined. I will give it up—after this case."

But when the manager of the "Royal Standard" had explained the latest "case" to him, he forgot his weariness, and was as anxious as ever to solve the mystery.

"What aroused your suspicions?" the specialist inquired after he had listened to a brief precis of the salient facts on which he had been invited to give his opinion. "For my part I can see nothing wrong."

"And there may be nothing wrong," Mr. Montague Scott replied. "But the fact remains that the deceased, George Henry, only transferred his policy to Captain Ffolliott two months ago. The interment will not take place until Thursday. What we want you to do is to go down to Langholme, and make an examination of the body in company with Dr. McCullagh, who is our medical officer in Torchester, and also the Langholme family doctor."

The result of the consultation, which lasted long and was very earnest, was that Hedford went down to Torchester, looked-up Dr. McCullagh, and in his company paid a visit to the chamber of death.

"Apoplexy, I think you said?" Hedford inquired.

"Yes. There can be no doubt about it whatever," Dr. McCullagh answered. He was quite unconscious when I was called in to see him, and never rallied. Surgeon-Major Brown, who was present at the tennis-match, had the poor fellow carried into the tent before I arrived.

Everything was done for him that could be done."

The old doctor sighed rather unprofessionally as he removed the covering from the face of the dead.

There was nothing in the appearance of the body to suggest that death had



"MERELY AN ABRASION OF THE SKIN?"

taken place from any other cause than apoplexy. The usual symptoms were present. Hedford made a careful examination, but discovered nothing suspicious. The relatives would never consent to a post-mortem, and it would even savour of cruelty to suggest it. As the specialist was about to replace the covering, his practised eye detected a slight discoloration on the sole of the left foot.

"What is that?" he said, stooping down to examine it minutely. "Merely an abrasion of the skin?"

Dr. McCullagh smiled sarcastically, for he did not relish the interference of the specialist. Then he said: "Only an ordinary blister. Poor George had played several sets, and was winning easily in the final, when he was struck down. The day was abnormally hot. Over-excitement and extreme heat accounts for the apoplexy—and friction of tennis-shoe for the blister," he added with some asperity.

McCullagh was of the old school. He decried all specialists. He also felt aggrieved, as has been indicated, that the manager of the "Royal Standard" had thought it necessary to send down Colonel Hedford to make an examination. Such a thing as foul play had not even been hinted at. Was his own certificate of death not enough? As the old doctor drove Colonel Hedford back to Torchester he pointed out the places of local interest on the way, and conversed in amiable generalities without once alluding to the object of the specialist's visit. This was the only evidence of wounded dignity which he permitted himself to show.

"The cavalry barracks," McCullagh said, pointing with his whip to a gateway flanked on either hand by two old Russian cannon which had been captured at Sevastopol.

As the sentry at the gates turned in his short walk, the bayonet on his rifle flashed in the sunlight, and his scarlet tunic stood out from the dull background of the grey old gates. Hedford noticed this once familiar sight and then remembered his promise, reluctantly given, to attend the regimental ball of the 22nd Hussars. He was glad now that he had accepted Colonel Thomson's invitation. But he did not wait for the ball to make the acquaintance of the officers. He put up at the Royal Hotel and dined at the mess of the 22nd several times before the occurrence of that great event which was to be honoured by the presence of Royalty, and which was exciting much commotion in local society. The ladies, indeed, fairly fluttered with excitement at the delightful prospect. It was not every day they had the chance of having a Royal Prince for a partner, or even, as in this instance, the ghost of a chance.

During the fortnight which preceded the ball Colonel Hedford became very intimate with Lieutenant Forbes. The young officer felt so flattered by the

friendship of a man so much older than himself, and one so widely distinguished that he introduced the specialist to his whole circle of acquaintances—including Miss Helen Douglas, of the Priory. Miss Douglas had been a school-fellow of Ethel Hamilton's, and still corresponded with that fast rising, or already risen, young actress. She met Colonel Hedford, therefore, more as an old friend than a new acquaintance, and on his side the Colonel admired Miss Douglas "on sight." She was well read, well mannered, sensible and unaffected. He soon respected her as well as admired her.

Colonel Hedford was not alone in his admiration of Miss Douglas. Ffolliott and Forbes were both rivals for her affections. It seemed to be a close contest between them. In Hedford's opinion the chances were about equal. Both men had resolved to end their suspense on the night of the dance. Forbes, however, did not wait for it. He drove to the Priory the day before, and when he returned he was engaged to Miss Douglas. Honestly delighted with his triumph, he confided his secret to the junior lieutenant, Charlie Graham, and by the time the mess bugle went it was a secret no longer. Forbes pretended to be annoyed, but his pretence was considered poor.

The magnificent band of the 22nd Hussars rang out deliciously on the still night air as Surgeon-Colonel Hedford stepped from his cab. The Torchester Exhibition Hall was effectively decorated, and the arrangements for electric lighting of the hall and grounds were so successful as to call for a favourable comment from the Prince himself—and he has had some experience in the matter of illuminations. In the large conservatory the light had been subdued to that dim degree which lends potency to religious functions and charm to sentimental indulgence. It was refreshing to the eyes after the glare and glitter of the ball-room, not to speak of its further advantages. Outside in the Botanical Gardens crafty electrical contrivances had been wrought: the pattern of the flower beds was traced out in lines of shimmering fire; the stems of the great trees were wound about with spirals of coloured lamps, and thousands of Chinese lanterns were festooned in long lines of flame across the broad lawn. As the



"WITH COLONEL THOMSON'S HANDSOME WIFE ON HIS ARM"

Torchester Telegraph put it next morning, "The fairy scene irresistibly reminded one of a page in the *Arabian Nights*."

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford strolled into the conservatory with Colonel Thomson's handsome wife on his arm. She had

danced with the Prince, then with a few minor dignitaries, and lastly with her old friend Hedford.

"Let us sit here," Mrs. Thomson said, indicating a comfortable seat designed apparently for the accommodation of two persons only. They sat for some

time chatting about old friends and new faces. Captain Ffolliott passed without observing them. He was evidently in search of a missing partner.

"Good gracious, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson exclaimed. "Did you see the look on Captain Ffolliott's face? He seems hard hit. Willie Forbes has cut him out, you know, with Miss Douglas. Look, there they are! What a handsome couple they make, and as good as they are good looking! Isn't she charming?"

Hedford watched them with the critical air of a man who looks on at the game of life from an objective standpoint.

"Time is slipping by, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson went on in a confidential voice, "and if you don't bestir yourself it will leave you behind."

"Quite so," Hedford answered. "It has left me."

"Not at all! You don't look a day older than when I saw you last; and that was ten years ago."

"Let me take you back to the ball-room," Hedford said, rising from his seat, and cutting this incorrigible match-maker short. She was encroaching upon a subject which he had always held that every individual should manage or mismanage for himself or herself without the good advice of the 'man in the street.' Besides, the subject was a sore one. He was not now quite sure that a life devoted to a hobby or even to a science is necessarily the happiest or best form of life, and he wanted to think the matter over quietly by himself.

"I see you want to shirk further discussion on the subject," Mrs. Thomson replied with resignation as she placed her arm within Hedford's. "But let me give you a woman's advice. Don't have so low an opinion of yourself so far as women are concerned. That was always a fault of yours, so my husband says, and he is right."

Hedford made no reply to this. He was thinking of a young girl who was just then winning golden opinions on the stage, who had as a child often climbed his knee and lavished affectionate and usually sticky caresses on him who—

"Look at Mr. Forbes and Miss Douglas, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson said, suddenly, tapping him on the arm with her fan.

As the young officer and his partner swept past him, the specialist caught sight of Captain Ffolliott standing at the door of the conservatory a few paces away. His face was livid with the exception of a crimson spot on either cheek. He was evidently labouring under strong excitement. A merciless expression was in his eyes. Hedford watched him curiously. So did Mrs. Thomson.

"A good officer, Robert says, but a bad man. He is greatly disliked in the regiment," the Colonel's wife said in a low voice. "I am perfectly delighted that Helen Douglas refused him. They say he is drowned in debt."

Just then Lieutenant Forbes and his partner came sweeping round the room again. It was Forbes' first dance. He had been actively employed as one of the committee, and his duties had kept him from dancing with his *fiancée* till then. As the pair came gliding towards the Colonel's wife and Hedford, the specialist noticed that their movements became slower and more languid. Forbes stopped suddenly. His face was distorted with agony. He placed his left hand on his heart. Then he fell with a heavy thud on the polished floor, dragging his partner with him in his fall.

Hedford sprang to the rescue.

"Stand back!" he cried. "Give them air."

Miss Douglas fainted. Forbes was either dead or dying.

Surgeon-Major Browne and Dr. McCullagh hurried up from the card-room.

"Take her away at once," Hedford ordered. "Don't let her see him when she returns to consciousness."

Miss Douglas was carried into the ladies' dressing-room and attended by Dr. McCullagh.

"Heart disease or apoplexy," Surgeon-Major Browne said as he removed his hand from Forbes' heart.

"Neither," whispered the specialist in the Surgeon-Major's ear.

"Then you know what it is?"

"I believe I do."

"What is it?"

"Poison!"

"Good Heaven!"

"Keep it quiet. Don't let them know. Get him into the ante-room at once."

The man, or his dead body, was removed to the ante-room, and the

place quickly cleared of all but Hedford, the Surgeon-Major, and Colonel Thomson. An ambulance had been sent for. The specialist's first proceeding was a curious one. He pulled off Forbes' shoes. Off came one shining patent-

McCullagh—who at that moment entered the room—by the arm, he pointed to a well-marked abrasion of the skin visible on the sole of the left foot and said: "A mere blister! What do you think of it?"



"HE FELL WITH A HEAVY THUD"

leather boot; then the other. Then Hedford drew the scarlet silk sock quickly back from the right foot. His face fell. But there was still the left sock to come off. It soon followed the other. Hedford could not suppress an exclamation of triumph, and seizing Dr.

The old doctor shook his head and looked helplessly at the specialist.

Hedford called for brandy, and nearly half-a-pint of it was got down Forbes' throat. The body was treated as that of a drowning patient until the arrival of the ambulance. Ten minutes later it

was placed in bed in the Torchester Royal Hospital, which was close at hand. Hedford took command, and, after two hours' hard work, the patient breathed again. But he only breathed, and no more. He was not out of danger, but Hedford had strong hopes.

The next day at twelve o'clock Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had a long interview with Colonel Thomson, the result of which was that Captain Ffolliott was detailed for special duty with a musketry squad at the rifle range. This kept him absent from his quarters for some hours. While he was away Colonel Thomson, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford and Surgeon-Major Browne paid a visit to his room. They did not like the duty, but they could not help themselves; they had to go through with it. Hedford found what he expected. Then he and Surgeon-Major Browne retired to the laboratory attached to the A. M. D., where they met Dr. McCullagh by appointment. The laboratory was a primitive one, the Government grant being too small to provide the necessary equipment and adjuncts. But it served the specialist's purpose. Dr. McCullagh had driven out to the Henrys' place at Langholme that morning, and, after a private interview with the old butler—whom he bound over to secrecy—he obtained from him a small parcel. It contained a tennis-shoe, which had belonged to George Henry, deceased. Hedford had also a parcel with him. Its contents were a patent-leather boot and a red silk sock. These were the property of Lieutenant Forbes.

A general consultation now took place, and many theories were ventilated and some discussed. When Surgeon-Colonel Hedford thought that enough time had been wasted to qualify the interview for rank as an official inquiry, he arose and said, coldly:

"My duty is to give Captain Ffolliott into custody on a charge of wilfully murdering George Henry, and also of attempting to murder Mr. William Tudor Forbes, senior lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars."

"Can you prove these charges?" Colonel Thomson inquired, nervously.

"Otherwise I should not make them."

"Then for God's sake explain. Come, John Hedford, we are old friends. You know that I will see justice done!"

"The explanation is simple enough,"

the toxicologist replied, gravely. "I found in Ffolliott's room a deadly poison."

"What poison?" Colonel Thomson interrupted.

"Curare, or at least a preparation of it combined with prussic acid and a poison extracted from the bodies of certain venomous ants. This combined poison is used by the natives of British Guiana and Central America to tip their arrows with. It is readily absorbed, and is fatal in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred."

But how could Ffolliott become possessed of such a poison?" the Colonel asked in strong excitement.

"He has a brother in Central America," Surgeon-Major Browne put in, "who is a doctor in the Government service, and was home here about a year ago. Ffolliott may have obtained the poison from him, innocently enough, so far as he was concerned."

"I find traces of the Curare combination in this tennis shoe, which was worn by poor Henry at the Tournament. Ffolliott was in the Pavilion dressing-room that day," Hedford continued.

"But what motive?"

"In the first place, he held an assignment of Henry's life policy for £2,000. In the second, he is deeply in debt. The motive, if not ample, is sufficient. Then this sock which I removed from Forbes' foot last night contains enough poison to kill ten men. It is also impregnated with a preparation of a strong acid, which, in conjunction with the perspiration produced by the exercise of dancing or tennis playing, would cause an excoriation of the cuticle and so admit the poison to the blood vessels."

"But how could he place it in Forbes' shoe?" Colonel Thomson broke in, hoping against hope.

"Easily enough. Their rooms are close together, and Ffolliott was seen coming out of Forbes' room just before the latter went in to dress."

"That will do," the Colonel of the 22nd said, decisively. "You need go no farther. There is a possible motive in this case, which we shall not discuss."

The consultation was adjourned.

Two hours after, Colonel Thomson visited Captain Ffolliott in his room. The visit lasted only a few minutes, and must have been unsatisfactory to the visitor, for he returned

from it with a puzzled look. During the afternoon, however, the Captain's servant heard the report of fire-arms in his master's apartment, and on rushing in he found Ffolliott lying dead, shot through the heart with a still smoking revolver in his right hand.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

This result did not quite fit in with Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's idea of what was due to justice, but, being a military man himself—albeit a non-combatant—he could quite understand Colonel Thomson's desire to preserve the honour of the 22nd Hussars, and consequently appreciated the rather

meagre nature of the evidence given at the inquest.

Colonel Hedford saved the "Royal Standard", two thousand pounds. He also saved Lieutenant Forbes' life, thereby earning his very sincere gratitude and afterwards that of his wife. Forbes left the army shortly after his marriage, and the specialist is a welcome guest at "The Priory." Mr. and Mrs. Forbes are on his special list of friends—a list which lengthens as the years go by.

There is no recognised antidote to Curare poisoning. But Hedford knows one, and in that book of his which is now approaching completion he will give it to the world.





THE NEW SCHOOL.

From a photograph by Poulton and Son, Lee, S.E.

John Ridd's School.

WRITTEN BY F. J. SNELL.

IT was remarked by old Fuller, speaking of Exeter College, Oxford, "This college consisteth chiefly of Cornish and Devonshire men, the gentry of which latter, Queen Elizabeth used to say, were courtiers by their birth. And as these western men do bear away the belt for might and sleight in wrestling, so the scholars here have always acquitted themselves with credit in *palazstra literaria*."

Of such natural courtiers and doughty men of learning Blundell's School can claim a never-failing succession; but it may be doubted whether the combined talents of both orders have brought the institution such notice as the presence within its walls of simple John Ridd, of Exmoor. We have elected, therefore, to christen our sketch "John Ridd's School," assured that most readers will be at no loss to understand our meaning.

The founder, Peter Blundell, presents a notable instance of thrift and perseverance, and had he lived in more modern days, could scarcely have escaped canonisation at the hands of Dr. Smiles. He is first heard of as an errand-boy, and

afterwards as an ostler at one of the Tiverton inns. The west of England was then the chief seat of the woollen trade, and Tiverton, on the banks of the Exe, an important mart. It has been said, though the statement is difficult to credit, that the profits on kerseys amounted in some cases to the high figure of a cent. per cent.

No wonder, then, if the ostler was tempted to speculate. Having saved a small sum, he invested it in a kersey which he delivered to a trusty carrier, with a request that he would dispose of it for him in "famous London town." The carrier was very obliging, made a good market of his commodity, paid over the cash,

and charged nothing for the carriage! By and bye Blundell was able to buy kerseys enough to load a horse. Then he migrated to town himself. He continued to prosper, but after some years returned to Devonshire and set up as a manufacturer. His last years were spent in London, where he died May 9, 1601, and was buried in the Church of St. Michael Royal. This was one of the many City churches destroyed



PETER BLUNDELL



MR. A. L. FRANCIS: HEADMASTER
From a photograph by C. Vandyk

in the Great Fire, and any monument it may have contained of Peter Blundell perished in the holocaust.

Like many another man who has got on in the world, Blundell appears to have been keenly alive to differences of education, and, as he had no children, he resolved to devote a part of his large fortune to the foundation of a school in his native town. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the old man was fond of quoting the words of William of Wykeham, addressed to Edward III., "Though I am not myself a scholar, I will be the means of making more scholars than any scholar in England." With this object before him, Blundell passed a green old age in building, not castles in the air, but—let us call them—castles of the imagination. Before he died, he had mapped it all out. He wished his school—a "fair school"—to be reared upon or near the

river Exe or Lowman. Besides the school proper, there was to be a hall, and buttery, and kitchen, a "convenient" garden, and woodyard, and a "fit" house. His thoughts even extended to a "great fair chimney, with an oven," which he desired to have set up in the kitchen. The whole was to be enclosed with a "strong wall," and there was to be but one exit, a "fair strong gate," the original of that gate against whose iron bars little John Ridd—he was little then—was to lean, with six or seven small companions, some seventy years later. The actual foundation took place in 1604, and tradition has it that all the timber employed in the building was Spanish chestnut from the wreck of the Armada.

On a careful retrospect of the school's career we have come to the conclusion that it embraces three periods specially important and characteristic. These periods roughly coincide with three great head-masterships—that of the Rev. William Rayner (1698-1730), of Dr.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Richards (1797-1823), and of the Rev. Henry Sanders (1834-1846).

In a forgotten poem by a forgotten poetaster—Kiddell—appears a favourable, though, in all conscience, terribly

'shire, Cornwall, and Dorset;" or if we feel any surprise, it is that so many exalted persons should have deigned to profit by the charity of Peter Blundell, and the good offices of his fellow-citizens. How-



THE PORTER'S LODGE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

laboured description of the first-named divine:—

*Skilled in all tongues, see Rayner treads
the stage,
Severe his virtue—awful in his age;
While others follow all the musty rules
Of barb'rous monks and dull phlegmatic
fools,
From ev'ry weed, lo! Rayner clears the
ground,
And in his grammar all the man is
found.*

It was this enlightened personage who was called upon to deal, in their incipency, with the vagrom fancies of that idle, foolish, but splendidly romantic character, Bampfylde Moore Carew. Carew, so his biographer informs us, came to Blundell's when he was twelve—consequently, in the year 1705, or the following. Son of the Rev. Theodore Carew, Rector of Bickleigh, Tiverton, and scion of one of the oldest county families, we are not surprised to learn that he formed the acquaintance of "young gentlemen of the first rank in Somersetshire, Devon-

ever, the fact that they did so is eloquent testimony to the position the school had attained in general esteem. Whether the other "young gentlemen" corrupted Carew, or he them, it is somewhat late to inquire. Certain it is, however, that, to avoid the consequences of divers rash experiments, repeated a century later by another famous Blundellian, Carew and Tom Coleman turned gypsies, and the former, to the great scandal of his family and connections, masqueraded through life as the King of the Beggars!

Among the links connecting the school with the annals of national art, is a "Ticket for the Tiverton School-feast," engraved by Hogarth. The only remaining copies of this ticket are dated 1740, but by that time the artist was a successful portrait-painter, and so, one might conjecture, not likely to undertake work of this class. It has been suggested, therefore, that the engraving was originally designed for the anniversary of 1725, when Hogarth, who as a young man worked a good deal in copper, would have been more ready to accept the commission.

Kiddell did not survive to the mastership of Dr. Richards (1797-1823), or his powers of sarcasm, though neither small nor restrained, would have been sorely taxed to convey the full amount of his reprobation. For Richards was a pedagogue, the traditions of whose severities might justly procure him a niche in history side by side with the famous master of Westminster, while his manifold economies remind us of a more humble member of the same useful profession—Squeers. In plain English, the boarders were regaled with a roll and a little milk for breakfast, "tea" the same, and supper there was none. At dinner the joints were sliced by an old woman plying her fingers and knuckles as industriously as her carving-knife; and of the meat it is said that, when served, it was in a state "not always agreeable to the olfactory organs!" Such a luxury as a bath-room was undreamt of, and each morning the boys performed their ablutions at a pump. The most arctic temperature was endured with no attempt at alleviation, and occasionally all writing

tions, it is no wonder that the terms "Spartan" and "Draconian" were freely applied to the discipline which then prevailed. All this, however, did not prevent the school from enjoying a large measure of popularity, and it may fairly be questioned whether, so long as it remained on the old site, its numbers ever stood higher. Nor must we omit to mention that of these a great part were "young gentlemen of the first rank," who swarmed in the Doctor's abode like bees in a hive.

Glimpses of the life these boys led are still obtainable, though naturally growing more faint with the passage of years. First and foremost of their recreations were the pugilistic art and wrestling. Apart from this there were such favourite recreations as orchard excursions, when a duck or fowl might happen to be killed; badger-baiting, getting within the gates, and keeping sundry donkeys for equestrian exercises on Saturday and Sunday, the animals being turned out towards Cullompton Common on Monday morning.



THE OLD SCHOOL

exercises had to be suspended because the ink was frozen. At other times the sleet would force its way through the unceiled roof, and dripping on the boys' copy-books, play havoc with their calligraphy.

As the master's personal habits were in full accord with the external condi-

The mode of travelling, also, adopted by or for the "young gentlemen" calls for illustration. Some, doubtless, were despatched by the stage-coach; others arrived in a still more interesting fashion. Four brothers Scobell, for example, rode from Sancreed to Tiverton on ponies, chaperoned by the family coachman.

Sancreed is in Cornwall, and the journey was accomplished in three stages. The first night they halted at Bodmin, the second at Crockernwell, while the third found them arrived at their destination. Each boy carried his own wardrobe in saddle-bags. After resting a day or two, the servant went home with the ponies tied head to tail, and at the end of the quarter the lads were fetched in like manner as they came.

Early in 1809, when he had just com-

describing in vivid colours the unheard-of proceedings of Russell and his partner Bovey. Richards was very indignant. He sent for Bovey and expelled him on the spot. Russell would certainly have followed, but he cleverly pleaded that he was no longer accountable, as Bovey had stolen the hounds and sent them home to his father at Pear Tree.

Mr. Sanders' régime (1834-46) is deserving of remembrance, if only on account of his distinguished pupils.

Two of them, at least, are possessors of names universally known and respected—Frederick Temple and Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Mr. Blackmore's contemporaries cannot recall much of his school-life. Concerning Temple, on the other hand, some curious reminiscences have been handed down; we cannot say whether they are all authentic.

His lordship, it is said, boarded with a maltster—a very worthy man, we believe—in a back street, footing it home to Culmstock, a distance of nine miles, every Saturday, and returning by the same inexpensive method on the following Monday. Major Temple, we suppose, believed in pedestrianism. It certainly seems to have answered in the case of the Bishop.

On one occasion Temple was seen fighting in the "Ironing-Box" (*vide Lorna Doone*) with a boy afterwards landlord of the "White Horse"—a very old Tiverton inn, at whose sign the Cavaliers once hanged an obstreperous Puritan miller. Possibly, if Temple could have foreseen his antagonist's des-

tined career, he might have hit harder, unless, as we suspect, the Bishop's zeal for temperance dates from a more recent period.

We have not the good fortune to be acquainted with his lordship's present views on the ethics of school fights, but former masters at Blundell's—Dr. Dicken, for instance—accepted them as matters of course, and never dreamt of interfering. As a survivor has explained it, "Boys were boys then, and men were men."



LORD PALMERSTON

pleted his fourteenth year, there came to Blundell's, from Plympton School, a boy destined to become known, first in Devonshire and then in the princely home at Sandringham, as the finest specimen of hunting parson the county has ever produced: the Rev. John Russell. It would be pleasant to relate at large Jack Russell's adventures as a youthful master of hounds, but the narration would take too long. Suffice it to say that some "friend to good discipline," informed of the little game, wrote to Dr. Richards,

Blackmore, unlike Temple, was a regular boarder, and therefore if we wish to know how the novelist spent his days in the "forties," we must seek him in Mr. Sanders' establishment of that date. On the whole the same severe regimen was maintained as in Richards' time, but

and made up slops of tea, coffee and cocoa, besides indulging in a little amateur cooking. The favourite dish, however, was fried potatoes and bacon, for which the scholars repaired to Mrs. Folland, a sympathetic dame and a first-rate cook, at the lodge. Her husband

94 Q4 S at 1859

My dear Hole

I send you the enclosed as suggested by the writer of the note. Perhaps you will give the ticket to the Master of the School

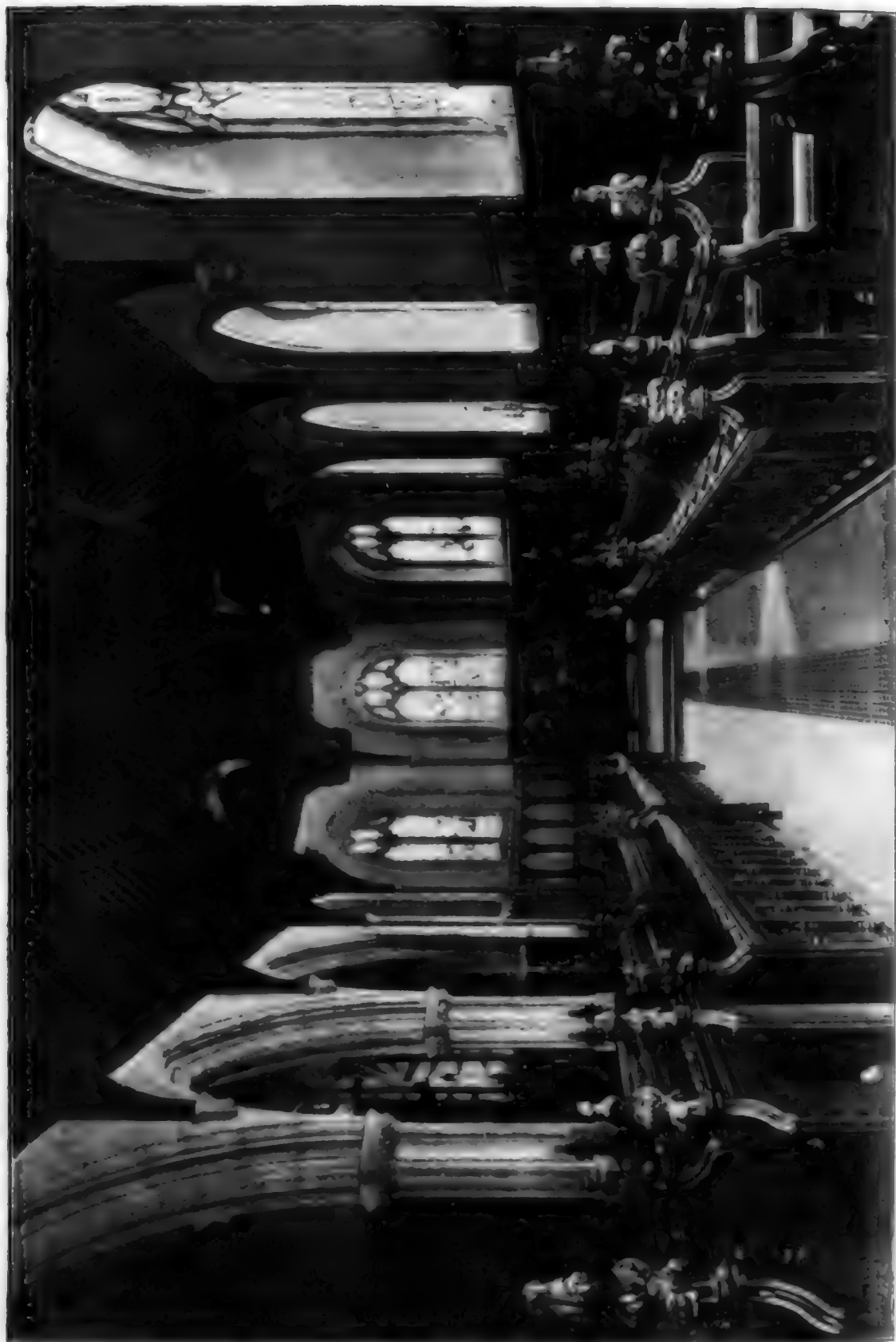
Yrs sincerely
Palmerston

A LETTER OF LORD PALMERSTON'S

after twelve or fourteen years certain innovations had crept in. We hear of mysterious "drinking-parties"—by which term, apparently, are meant small coteries of boys who clubbed together for a more liberal diet obtained at their own expense. By permission of the monitors a boy out of each set went into the kitchen

was the veritable Cop of *Lorna Doone*, and was so named because, as porter, he wore copper boots at flood-time.

The curriculum at this time consisted chiefly in learning by heart Wordsworth's Greek Grammar and its companion the Eton Latin Grammar, and in forging Latin verses. The latter was a task of



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON AND SON, LEE, S.E.

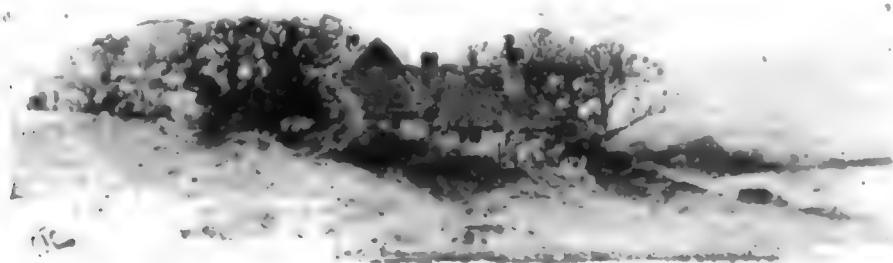


PORCH OF THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE

daily recurrence, and, for the bulk of the scholars, a grim caricature of a child's puzzle. To ease their labours books of "tags" that had been handed down from generation to generation were anxiously exploited, and "Sas" must have smiled sometimes as he encountered "old friends with new faces" surreptitiously presenting themselves to his gaze. At rare intervals, however, the school produced a genius capable of writing not only one original set but four or five on the same theme, and naturally these were god-sends to idle, stupid, and possibly tyrannical school-fellows. A boy nicknamed "the Doctor" was a fine hand at this kind of thing, and he more than redeemed his early promise by the suc-

cesses he achieved in the great world. At Oxford he won the Newdigate, and for many years he was a brilliant leader-writer on *The Times*. He was Abraham Hayward.

For all its noble history, however, it was found that, in competition with new or renovated schools, Blundell's was being gradually beaten, and in 1881 the institution was removed to a healthy site about a mile distant. The effects of the change were soon visible. The numbers, which necessarily vary somewhat from term to term, rose in ten years from seventy-five to two hundred and eighty, and now the school, with its chapel, its library, its playing-fields, and its five courts, is one of the best in England.



Billy McCabe's Motor Car.

WRITTEN BY LUKE SHARP. ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL.



GRATEFULLY to the disappointment of everybody interested in rapid road locomotion, the House of Commons failed to pass the Motor Car Bill. Many companies had been organised in Britain for the making of road locomotives, and now people wondered what was to become of these organisations, which were, as a usual thing, largely over-capitalised. It was said that the Commons would be sure to pass the Bill next Session, but the same remark had been made the Session before.

It was at this period that the eyes of the world became gradually turned on Billy McCabe, who was at first called the British Edison; though after a while people began to term Edison the American McCabe, which went to show that Billy was getting on in the world. Nobody was so much disappointed at the inaction of the House of Commons as Billy, and it is doubtful if anyone used more reprehensible language on the subject than he did. Billy was not the man to sit calmly under this injustice, and he held, quite sensibly, that it was ridiculous a country like Britain should have a law compelling a motor car to go at four miles an hour, preceded by a tired-looking man with a red flag.

Billy had invented a motor car himself on an entirely new principle, and he had been waiting patiently for the House of Commons to pass its motor car enactment so that he might float his company, and compete with the other organisations already in the field for the patronage of those who wished to run along the country roads as swiftly as if they were in a railway train. Billy's car differed from all others then in the market. It was extremely light, being made of a composition of steel and aluminium or something of that sort.

It did not depend for its motive power on either electricity or petroleum. It was simplicity itself. In a strong reservoir it generated the new acetylene gas, which is easily made by dropping a lozenge of carbide of calcium into a little water. Not being a practical chemist I am not quite certain the substance is carbide of calcium; it may be carbide of sodium, but anyhow it is carbide of something, and this substance can be made into little tablets which, when dissolved in water, produce the acetylene gas. There was a strong reservoir holding some water into which was dropped automatically lozenge after lozenge as the gas generated was used in the engine, and so pumped off into the empty air. Billy had a good deal of trouble at first with his motor car because he insisted on smoking while running it, and the acetylene gas being tremendously explosive, Billy found himself blown into the next parish on frequent occasions, so he was compelled to give up the use of tobacco while riding on his car. He thought at first of calling it the anti-tobacco motor and floating it as a company which would reform smokers, but finally he hit on an invention which allowed a man to smoke in comfort while he sat on the car. He concocted an arrangement by which the discharged gas, having done its work, passed through a box containing a soapy mixture, so that the gas came off in great bubbles and floated along by the roadside. This was the germ of his next marvellous warlike invention by means of which the gas enclosed itself in little globules that shot off into the air, floating in space for a while, and exploding with fearful force, when the bubble touched a tree or the earth. This device, as everybody knows, has changed modern warfare completely, just as Billy's car has changed modern locomotion. Edison came out, immediately after Billy's discovery was announced, and claimed that he had invented the

same thing twenty-five years ago; but Billy got his patents all right, and that is the main thing in a commercial and contentious world.

I was intimately acquainted with Billy, and I beg to state here that it is not true, as historians have asserted, that McCabe set out deliberately with his motor to defy the great British Empire.

excuse. He said it might be a great invention or it might not, but that he was defying the law by not having a man with a red flag in front of his motor. Billy explained that it was impossible to have the man there, because the motor was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and few men unless they are in extremely good condition can cover that



"SO BILLY WAS CAUGHT BY A CONSTABLE"

Nothing was further from Billy's thoughts, he being a most peaceable citizen. He merely took out his motor to show the public how easily it might be guided through even crowded streets; but the law takes no account of good intentions, knowing, perhaps, to what purpose they are put in paving the lower regions. So Billy was caught by a constable out in Middlesex and haled before a magistrate. The magistrate would listen to no

distance in sixty minutes. The magistrate retorted that this made the case all the worse, for he was running at ten times the legal speed. Thereupon he fined Billy forty shillings and costs, and threatened to send the inventor to prison if ever he appeared before him again.

Angry as Billy had been before, he now became wild. He said he didn't mind the forty shillings fine or even the costs, but the contemptuous language of

the magistrate regarding his new motor car proved the last straw on the motor's aluminium back. Billy left the magistrate's presence without a stain on his character, but at the same time he swore loudly that he would let the British Empire know what it was to run up against a full-bodied motor car that would go forty miles an hour at ordinary speed or eighty miles if you hurried it. For two or three weeks nobody saw anything of Billy, and when he did come out they did not recognise his motor car. Then began his celebrated excursion trips to Scotland: there and back for three-pence. He started up through Midd'e-

People thought a cyclone was coming, and took to fields and forests. Various ineffectual attempts were made to stop Billy in his breaking of the law, but he went clear through to the north of Scotland, shattering a few hills in the Highlands with his bombs, merely to let them know he was in the neighbourhood. When Billy had got as far north as the roads go, he turned his car round and made back for London at simply incredible speed. The telegraph, which was quicker than an acetylene motor car, warned the authorities of its approach, but even though the yeomanry were called out they could do absolutely



"A THIN POLICEMAN ON A DERBY WINNER"

sex by the same road on which he had been arrested before, and now when the policeman endeavoured to stop him, they were compelled to get an ambulance and carry the officer to the nearest hospital. No one who had seen the motor car before would now have recognised it, for it was built like an iron-clad, covered with triple-plated nickel steel of his own invention, through which no bullet could penetrate, and it was surmounted by a conning-tower in which Billy himself sat and guided the machine. On approaching a town Billy would press a button and the machine would begin to fire out acetylene bombs that simply paralysed the whole neighbourhood.

nothing to stop Billy McCabe on his mad career.

The papers were now full of accounts of Billy Day by Day, and when he reached London there was a large and enthusiastic crowd awaiting him. A determined attempt was made by the London police to capture him, but Billy kept everybody at a respectable distance by playing a mild variety of acetylene bombs all round the neighbourhood. While the crowd and the police were being amused in this way, Billy seized the opportunity of collecting provisions for the return journey. McCabe's detractors have since alleged that he stole the necessities of life, but this is not true.

He was bound to have food, and the bomb display caused the shop-keepers to be away from home at the time Billy called to replenish his travelling larder. So Billy started north again, amidst general acclaim.

The Liberal papers were making it hot for the Government on Billy's account. They said he should be stopped at all

were partly right; but it was a mechanical revolution—eighty miles an hour at that.

The authorities in Lancashire telegraphed to the Home Secretary for instructions should Billy head for the coal-mining district. The Home Secretary replied that they were to read the Riot Act to him and not to hesitate to shoot.



"CALMLY SMOKED HIS PIPE"

risks. The prestige of the British Empire was at stake. Here was a wild Highlander who set the law at defiance, as doubtless his ancestors had done before him, and here was a supine Government, with the largest majority of the century, helpless as an infant in arms. The French papers said gleefully that here at last was a British revolution confronting a powerless Government. In this they

But Billy himself did the shooting. Before the Sheriff, standing on a barrel beside the highway, got his mouth in shape for saying the first word of the justly celebrated Act, McCabe shot by and was in the next county ere the troops had time to draw breath, let alone a sword or a gun. There is little practical use in reading the Riot Act, or even part of the latest novel, to a man going eighty miles an hour. Between Penrith and Carlisle they tried another plan, but it was equally unsuccessful. They mounted a thin policeman on the Derby winner of that year, kindly lent for the occasion, and gave him the Riot Act to read as he ran; but he lost sight

of Billy in about ten seconds, and did not have breath enough left with the jolting to begin the reading even.

Billy reached the far north once again in safety, stocked up some more carbide of calcium, turned his ironclad towards the tropics again, and pushed the motor button. Telegraphic messages announced that Billy was going to pass through the broadest part of Yorkshire this trip, and that noble county made a most creditable attempt to read the Riot Act to him, an attempt that would probably have succeeded had the county been a bit wider. The Sheriff placed a line of policemen down the road the motor car was to come, and gave each officer a printed slip containing a few words of the Riot Act, so arranged that each shouting where the man north of him left off, a verbal *feu de joie* ran the Riot Act across the county. The furthest north policeman had the first slip, the second the second, the third the third, the fourth the fourth, and so on to the boundary of the southernmost part. Each policeman was instructed to shout at the top of his voice as the motor car went by his part of the Riot Act, which never amounted to more than five words; but although the policemen bravely did their duty Billy dashed through Yorkshire and so on to London again.

Here Mr. Chamberlain threw off his coat and said he would resign his position in the Cabinet if this thing were not stopped. He mentioned with some feeling that Old Father Kruger had played a good deal with him some time before, but that this person McCabe was not to take that as a precedent and think that any Transvaal nonsense was to be tolerated on the free land of Britain. This move was received with great enthusiasm, and a Cabinet meeting was held, at which it was determined to capture McCabe at all costs. The Minister of War then called out the British Army, and by the time that was done McCabe and his motor car were speeding on his third trip to Scotland. The British Army was drawn across the island just on the London side of the Scottish Border (the island being somewhat narrow at that point), and with fixed bayonets they waited for McCabe and his machine. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when McCabe's ironclad motor appeared over the Scottish hills, and here for the first time the

young man caught sight of the British Army drawn up in a line to stop him. He paused at the top of the hill, and was seen to get out and oil his machine in sight of the British Army massing along the road, and it seemed to Viscount Wolseley that McCabe was foolish in allowing the troops to concentrate in this fashion. But Billy, on the top of the hill, merely lit his pipe, sat down on a mile-stone, and calmly smoked his pipe, taking care that there was no acetylene gas about. Having finished his smoke and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he turned the machine half-way round and then gave the assembled soldiers an example of its powers. He fired off a few acetylene bombs at the next hill. The British Army thought an earthquake had taken place. The hill disappeared in fine dust. The Army was appalled to notice that he turned the motor car towards themselves and went inside. The machine with a roar descended upon them, looking like the Crystal Palace on Thursday night running away with all the fireworks going. The Commander-in-Chief on horseback did his best to rally the men. They said they were ready to fight almost anything, but they were not going to stand up to what was evidently a section of the infernal regions let loose, so the army broke and made for cover, while Billy triumphantly tore through the space left by the rapidly retreating soldiers.

London was sent into a panic by the glaring contents bills of the evening newspapers which came out with special editions showing how McCabe had put the British Army to rout, and was now tearing his irresistible way up to London, while the great City lay defenceless before him. A panic-stricken, threatening crowd surrounded St. Stephen's. A Cabinet Council hastily convened, and Mr. Balfour came to the rescue. He made some pleasant remarks on the success of Mr. Chamberlain's methods in South Africa and other parts of the world, but thought sometimes they did not work as well as they might in an enlightened country like Britain. He therefore proposed that they should forthwith pass the Motor Car Bill, and then Mr. Billy McCabe would be quite within his rights in his interesting Scottish trips. This way out of the difficulty, which had occurred to no one else, was received with cheers.

Parliament being in Session immediately rushed through the Motor Car Bill about as quickly as McCabe was now coming upon London, and the Lords with equal haste gave their assent, so that by the time Billy McCabe approached Highgate Hill the Motor Car Bill was law.

Billy was received in London with great acclamation. The Lord Mayor gave him a banquet at the Mansion House, and voluntarily offered to become chairman of the new McCabe Acetylene Motor Car Company, capital £25,000,000.

THE KING OF FAERY.

I AM the King of Faëry:
 A thousand years ago
 My elfin mother bore me
 Betwixt the snow and snow—
 My elfin mother bore me,
 Lightly as elfins may,
 To rule a doubtful country
 Between the night and day.

I am the King of Faëry,
 And wise I am and o'd,
 And of my fairy wisdom
 A thousand hands take hold.
 But those that seek my helping
 Are glad—for all their care:
 My thousand years of wisdom
 Lie dark upon my hair.

I am the King of Faëry
 And none there is so gay
 Amid my gentle people
 That dance the dew away.
 I am the King of Faëry
 And none there is so sad,
 Though Una is my lady
 And Aodh my serving-lad.

NORA HOPPER.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. LYNN LOSEBY IN "BACHELORS"

“My First Appearance.”

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IV.—MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

NOT less remarkable than the splendid talents with which the matchless creator of Paula Ray and Agnes Ebbsmith has enriched the English stage, is the wholly unconventional and altogether unexpected manner of her entrance into the theatrical profession. Circumstances did it for her; or was she, perchance, the unconscious victim of that mysterious agent called *kismet*, which a witty Frenchman—a wise man, albeit a philosopher—once defined as “the business manager of Providence”? Who shall say?

Enfin, the Divine Fire did not come to Mrs. Patrick Campbell while she remained Miss Beatrice Stella Tanner. She was happily married, and, if one may hazard a conjecture, already beginning to cherish dreams of “living happily ever after,” when Destiny—in the shape of certain cruel “circumstances”—determined Mr. Patrick Campbell to seek his fortune in

South Africa. But Fortune lagged by the way and was long a-coming. At the end of a twelvemonth Mr. Campbell had encountered little save failure financially, and his letters home did not paint matters in particularly gorgeous hues. Mrs. Campbell had remained behind in England, living with her two small children at their home in Norwood. At length she found herself face to face with the necessity of “doing something” as so many brave women have done before her. And here her native pluck and inborn resourcefulness came to her aid. But let us listen to her story as told in her own way.

“At the time that I took this resolution I had already appeared upon the stage (if I may call it so), with some slight success, as a member of the well-known Anomalies Amateur Dramatic Society, having their head-quarters at West Norwood. The experience so gained helped, no doubt, to give me

confidence in my own powers, although the 'stage' in this instance was nothing more elaborate or striking than the platform of a suburban town-hall."

"What would be the date of your appearances on the Anomalies stage?"

"The winter of 1887-88. Now came the real. My friends and relations opposed the idea of my adopting the drama in a professional sense—opposed it with one voice and with the utmost deliberation. In addition, I was in a wretchedly weak state of health at the time, so that altogether the Fates did not appear to be smiling, or even propitious."

"There were the children to be provided for, too?" I suggested.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Campbell, "you see, they were far too small to accompany me when I started. In the end it was a tremendous rush in every way, for I found myself engaged to play a part in a piece which was to be produced in a fortnight's time. In those two short weeks I had not only to rehearse the character thoroughly (the rehearsals taking place in a London hotel), but to choose my dresses and get them made, make arrangements for the well-being of my two children, give up my house, store the furniture, and, in short, arrange the thousand-and-one things that go to the making of a complete change in one's mode of life."

"And what was the play?" I asked.

"*Bachelors*, by Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Robert Buchanan. The company was commanded by Mr. Frank Green"—(Mr. Green, I regret to add, is since dead)—"and the character assigned to me was that of Mrs. Lynn Loseby. We opened at Liverpool in the September of 1888. Here is a programme of the second tour, beginning December 26th, 1888," said Mrs. Campbell. "I am sorry I can't find you one of the opening

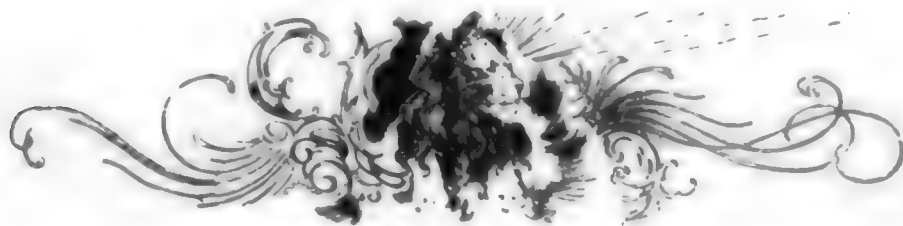
night. You will note that I am described as 'Miss Stella Campbell.'"

"Then you did not originally appear under your own name?"

"No; at first I played as Miss Stella Campbell, secondly as Mrs. 'Pat' Campbell, and finally under my exact name. My sensations on the first night of my professional appearance? They were not pleasant, I can assure you. I suppose I must have been horribly nervous. The feeling was as if I were lost in a huge field, while the apparent slant of the large stage puzzled me not a little—though this latter sensation will be readily understood by every actor. I felt as one dazed, and I was positively ill with fatigue."

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the Press of Liverpool immediately declared with one voice in Mrs. Campbell's favour. Led by the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the local papers at once admitted Mrs. Campbell's right to be heard; and from that day to this she has never looked behind her. Her experience of stagecraft is so far unique that she adopted the stage in a hurry, as a means of livelihood alone—all unexpectedly to herself, and at a moment when most young matrons are contemplating the happy, undisturbed, even tenor of fulfilling their manifest mission.

I should add that probably no actress at present before the public of England has so wholesome a horror of the interviewer as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was kind enough to make an exception in favour of the *Ludgate* which its readers will appreciate. The accompanying photograph of Mrs. Campbell as she appeared in *Bachelors* is lent by her sister, Mrs. Hill, of "Crathorne," Ealing. Another sister, Miss Tanner, resides with our British "Magda" in the dual capacity of sister and private secretary, at Mrs. Campbell's charming flat in Ashley Gardens.



Paris Statues.



III.—EUGENE DELACROIX, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

The Oldest College in the World.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT.

A FEW weeks ago, for the five hundredth time in history, probably, the authorities of Cairo were temporarily set at defiance by a body of students in that centre of all Arabic lore, the Mosque el Azhar. For the moment it was serious—the portly old Pasha who governs Egypt's capital was irreverently stoned when he advanced towards the heavy gates, and the Ulema of the section fled in dismay; but after a volley or two from the police rifles, which killed a trio of the mutineers, and wounded a few more, the influence of authority was again asserted, and the cause of all the trouble—the corpse of a cholera-stricken Syrian—removed. But this five hundredth “barring-out” was not to be passed over so lightly, now that England is at the Egyptian helm; some ten score rioters were promptly arrested, a few sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment, the majority banished to Syria, and the section of the Mosque which they had occupied officially closed for a year.

El Azhar—“The Most Splendid”—

like most theological universities, has a turbulent reputation. At the beginning of the Fatimite Whalifate, in 970—when Moezz conquered Egypt from the north-west, aided by Sicilian Saracens, and

founded the El Kahirah of to-day—this was the first mosque that he erected. William the Conqueror had not at that time been born, and Saladin's grandfather was a baby. It took two years to build, and was endowed ten years later. What it resembled in those earlier days of Mahomedan supremacy, nothing definitely shows to-day, but indications of its splendour are given by the tradition that Saladin took therefrom a silver rail weighing 500 drachms, whilst the terms of admiring adulation employed by contemporary Arab historians would show that it was



PRAYERS AT EL AZHAR

even then the centre of Moslem learning—the Oxford of the East. In 1302 an earthquake shattered the fabric, and decay and neglect necessitated its subsequent restoration on three several occasions, so that the Mosque of to-day has but little more originality than the arm-hole in the Irishman's oft-mended vest. But despite

earthquakes, and war tumult, and inattention, it grew and prospered through the ages. It stood there whilst the lion-hearted Richard forgathered with his paynim rival—whilst all that we regard as English history was occurring; the mad Khalif Hakem, whom the mysterious Druses worship as the last of the Messiahs, repaired and endowed it, and granted to its Ulema the exclusive privilege of repeating the Litany; it was "the kernel of the erudition of the Arabs." Of science it taught nothing, save that

ten thousand inmates. But Mehemet Ali soon changed all that: experience of the danger of such an *imperium in imperio* had been shown during the period of Napoleonic occupation, when a revolt was organised there, which was only quelled by the bombardment of the Mosque from the neighbouring heights of the Mokatham range, and the execution of twelve men every night for some time thereafter. In El Azhar the assassin of brave General Kléber had been sheltered and assisted, and for



STUDENTS AT EL AZHAR

the earth was flat. For successive centuries it attracted disciples from each of the three continents then known, and nearly every Oriental notable in history, from the Tenth Century down to Arabi Pasha's day, imbibed learning and fanaticism at that font. A writer who saw it in Mehemet Ali's time, describes it as having then (as now) seven gates, leading to the quarters allotted to the Syrian, Moorish, Upper, Eastern, Western, and Northern Egyptian students. Up to 1840 the doors always stood open, and it was a veritable Alsatia—a sanctuary for robbers and murderers. The civil authorities had no jurisdiction over the

that crime three of the sheikhs lost their heads. Mehemet Ali purged the Augean stable considerably, abolishing its priestly jurisdiction, and annexing a considerable share of the great properties with which it had been endowed during the lapse of eight centuries. But it is still a centre for the lazy, and lawless, and turbulent, attracted by its shady cloisters and its dole of bread, rather than the quaint architecture, the squalid tombs of noted shereefs, or the useless teaching which forms the unchanged curriculum of this, the greatest of all Moslem universities.

European visitors need to be enthusi-

astic new-comers to the East, or ardent admirers of things Oriental, not to feel disappointed after a pilgrimage thither. The approaches—narrow, tortuous, half-ruined lanes—prevent the great building being taken in at one *coup d'œil*, and the result is that on the compulsorily close inspection the tall minarets are seen to be only tawdry, chimneyfied shafts of comparatively late date, the wood-carving perishing, if at all "antika," and

ing countries. This year, owing to the closing for one year of the Syrian section by the Government, as a punishment for the riot referred to, the place seemed even more deserted than usual, the matted pavement being given up to a few sleeping loafers, and a score or two of young scribes engaged in covering their tin "slates" with scrawly texts dictated by their teachers. Around the walls were rows of lockers wherein the



THE MINARET

coarse if modern; the chapels containing the shrines are in the hands of the whitewashers; the library is a dismal array of empty cases; and the picturesque lamps of classic form that used to hang from every beam are vanished—swept away in favour of gas!

In the summer the attendance is naturally much smaller than at other seasons, as, though there is nothing in the way of a regular vacation, many of the *habitués* spend the hotter months in revisiting their families in the neighbour-

collegians kept their worldly belongings, an old gown or two, a few pots, and some dog's-eared lesson books.

The cicerone was not very communicative; apparently only the prospect of a tip, and the fact that we had five-penny tickets for admission, restrained him from starting to eject us. All the information he could distil was that this and that was "antika"; he pointed with pride to the button-holes in the great gate, and hurried us past the only really artistic object, the pulpit, near which a

group of the faithful were going through that athletic exercise which accompanies their devotions. The chief interest was really evoked by a survey of the human element, and the reflection that this swarthy Soudanese and yonder moor

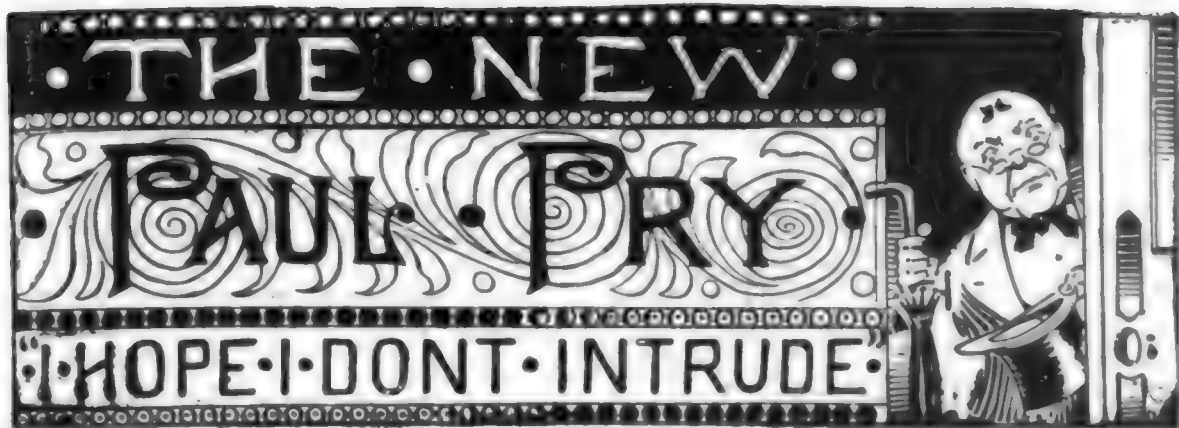
that an unfailling dole of bread and water would be daily forthcoming—that Spartan fare which feeds fanatics. Thirty generations had so come and gone, searching whatever the late Khedive believed to exist in El Azhar—"a vast



THE COURT - YARD

from north-western Africa, the sallow Arab from beyond Yemen, talking to a co-religionist from some oasis far out in the Libyan desert, had all been drawn to that common focus, despite the cost, the toil, and the no small peril of the journey, by a yearning for more light. Without the compulsion of a School Board, or the hope of a well-paid Fellowship, they came from afar, presented themselves with simple confidence that room would be found for the mat which was their school-room, living-place, and bed, and

pillar of light, visible at night, reaching from the earth to the heavens. Round the fountains may be seen the spirits of holy men, who come down to make ablution. In another part of the Mosque, among the forest of many columns, a man whose heart is pure can behold little children in the form of elves, or fairies, playing about in the dusk, laughing, running, and making all kinds of wild antics. These little elves are said to live in the large boxes ranged around the walls, which belong to the students."



THE MYSTERY OF GOLF.

A VETERAN.

BEING in that part of the country where the inhabitants seem to do little else than play at what they call the royal and ancient game of golf, I was forced to take an interest in the matter, though at first

The thing seems comic if you look at it from a distance and without noticing details. I was standing in front of the golf club-maker's shop when I noticed an elderly gentleman pass me with a look of extraordinary determination on



ARIES.—The Ram is "on the stroke"—you know. In March we must expect a *blow*.



TAURUS.—The Bull! an Irish Bull, I mean. This Mr. Taurus wears the *green*.

sight it seemed uninteresting enough. Streams of people are for ever moving up and down the links—the word sounds pretty enough—old men and young, boys, maidens and elderly females.

his face. He wore a dark morning coat and a white straw hat with a turned-up brim. He carried only two clubs, an iron and a cleek, as I subsequently learned, both of which seemed not to



GEMINI.—The Heavenly Twins! Up in the sky
We're known as Brother Jim-an'-I!

have been cleaned for a long time. Fascinated by his manner I followed him.

"I am much interested in this game of golf," I said, addressing him courteously: "would it annoy you if I were to accompany you for a little?"

"I am too old a hand to be disturbed by spectators," he laughed genially. "The fact of the matter is," he continued, suddenly becoming quite confidential, "I have been playing golf for the last twenty years, and I have only just learned the great secret of striking the ball. It is the simplest thing in the world."

"It must be worth knowing if it has taken you so long to learn," I replied.

"Like all perfectly simple things," he remarked cheerfully, "it has been lying under my nose all these years, and I have not seen it or understood it."

"I hope it is not a secret you cannot communicate," I said, somewhat impressed by his manner.

"O dear no;" he laughed. "It's just this." He stopped and looked narrowly into my eyes. "When you're going to

strike the ball, don't care that"—and he snapped his fingers under my nose—"whether you hit it or not, and take it as easily as if you were hitting off thistle heads with your cane."

I tried to seem duly impressed by the secret, and watched him curiously as he bent down and made a little mound of sand, on which he placed the ball with infinite care. Then he selected one of his clubs and prepared to strike off. He waggled his club for a little, and looked all about him as if enjoying the scenery. Suddenly his upper lip became iron; his eyes gimlets; he raised the club sharply as if it were an instrument of vengeance, and brought it down with all his force on the ball, which ran a few yards along the ground, and then stopped. I looked at the old gentleman and noticed that he was examining minutely the head of his club.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"I took my eye off the ball," he said.

"Perhaps you were trying too much," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said. "Let's have another shot at it."

I brought him back the ball, and ex-



CANCER.—You ask me, can he play? The answer
Comes quite pat—of course he can, sir!

amined it curiously as I did so. It was not round and white like the ones exhibited in the shop windows; but had a greenish aspect, and seemed to have been chewed by some hungry dog. Again the old gentleman made his elaborate preparations, this time with more success; for the ball rose from the ground, and flew a little distance before it fell. The old gentleman stooping down picked up his other club, and, without for a moment taking his eyes off the ball, hurried after it.

"That was a better shot," I remarked, as I made upon him. He was in the act of striking the ball a second time, but paused as I spoke and looked at me with a frown.

"You must never speak to a player, sir," he said, emphatically, "while he is addressing the ball." I murmured my apologies and watched him till I saw him descend into a sand-hole or bunker, where he stayed so long that I returned to the club-maker's shop.

THE CLUB-MAKER.

The club-maker was standing at the door of his shop with his hands in his



VIRGO.—This little maiden who would snub
When grown-up ladies love their Club?



LEO.—The Lion's very tame. 'Tis said
He has been *Scotched* and *haggis-fed*.

pockets, and a vacant smile on his round, red face.

"Grand day for gouffing this," he remarked, as our eyes met.

"I suppose so," I said, "but I don't play at the game myself."

"Then the sooner ye learn the better," he replied. "The better for me, that is," he explained with what I understood to be a jocular smile. "There would be nothing for the likes of us to do if it were na for beginners."

"Is that possible?" I said.

"Beginners all the world over," he replied. "Everybody plays gouff now, and there's hardly any place where they dinnae play it. I got an order this morning for a set of clubs for the Transvaal."

"How many clubs do you make in a year?" I asked him.

"O, it all depends on the orders we get. I could make a hundred clubs a day if there was a demand for them; and twenty years ago it took me working night and day to make twenty a week. But it's the foreign orders that keep us going. I've seen me get an order for a thousand clubs frae India;



LIBRA.—To weigh one's chances shows good sense,
So Mister *Libra* scales the fence.

ard orders come in frae America, Australia, Africa and a' places."

"Then, if there is such a demand for them, why don't the clubs become cheaper?" I asked.

"Cheaper!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "How much cheaper would ye have them? They're dirt cheap as they are. It's hardly possible to make ony profit on them."

"Then you don't depend much upon the local trade?"

"O, we're glad for a' we can get; but it wouldnae keep us in bread and butter. Folks are that careful nowadays. They hold on to their auld clubs till they gang tae pieces in their hands, and then they'll come intae me and say, 'I can't make out what's the matter with my play, George; I seem to have got out of the knack of striking the ball altogether.' 'Get a new club, then,' I say to them. But catch them. Na, na; they gang hammering along, till some day they hit the grund or a stane and the club breaks in their hand. Then they come tae me with the pieces, and ask me if I couldn't put them together again."

"I should like to buy a set of clubs," I said, "and begin at once."

"That's right," he said cheerfully. "Ye dinna want many tae start with. A driver, or perhaps twa', a brassy, a cleek, an iron and a putter: that should dae you fine for a start. And ye better gang round wi' Jock here. He'll show you how tae play."

So I started with Jock.

THE TEACHER OF THE GAME.

Jock described himself as a professional teacher of golf. He was short and broad, and as brown as the sun could make him. But what he himself esteemed his strong point was in reality his fatal weakness. His conversational powers were beyond anything that I have ever known a human being to possess. Once started he seemed quite unable to stop himself.

"Ye'll never hae played gouff afore," he said. "I could see that afore ye took the club in yer hand. It's impossible to deceive me."

"How long have you been teaching duffers like me to play golf?" I asked.

"There no' a' duffers," he said. "Some takes to it natural, and others would never learn though ye taught them till ye were grey in the heid."



SCORPIO.—His "drives" are not so very long,
But Scorpio's "approach" is strong.

"Do you find that ladies learn easily?"

"I'd rather teach a leddy nor a man ony day," said Jock, quickly. "For one thing they pay better; and they dae what ye tell them. And I tell ye what it is, there's a wumman I ken, she'll beat a' the professionals yet. She's oot-driven me often, and I'll drive as long a ball as ony man. And I tell ye what it is, leddies have a far better eye for distance than men hae. It stands tae reason, and it's no' tae be argued about. Women's eyes are better than men's. What? Prettier? No, no! that's hitting below the belt. I'm a gentleman when I talk about the leddies. I never takes ony liberties o' that kind. I say their eyes are keener than ours, and I ken what I'm saying. There's a wee lassie I've been teaching gouff these last four days, and she plays better now than you'll ever play; and that's no' flattering ye, but it's the truth."

"You seem to have had great experience with the ladies?" I said, coldly.

"I could name ye some of the leddies I've teached tae play gouff that would mak' the hair on yer heid stand on end. Ye need nae laugh; there's nae jokin'



CAPRICORNUS.—The He-Goat, muscular and bold!
His ardour feels no winter cold.



SAGITTARIUS.—He draws the long bow—very true—
A thing that all old Golfers do.

about it. Duchesses and Princesses I've taught, and I ken a leddy when I see her. It's aye gold wi' a real leddy. And sich manners as they have tae. Says one o' them to me once—she was a duchess—'Jock,' says she, 'I like you tae teach me,' says she, 'b'cause ye don't scold me when I make a miss.' Jist fancy me scolding her! But that's an example o' their manners. And then never less than a soveran at the end o' the round."

"Well, suppose you try to teach me golf now?" I suggested, mildly.

"Teach you gouff," said Jock, scornfully. "I can see that you'll never play gouff, nae matter how much ye try. It wad jist be waste o' time for me trying tae teach ye. Gouff's no' a game that onybody can learn, though everybody thinks they can."

"I should have thought that no one showed any aptitude for the game before they had attempted it," I remarked, severely.

"Then that jist shows that ye dinnae ken what ye're talking about," Jock replied, serenely. "Some folk taks tae it naturally——"



AQUARIUS.—Translate this name as best I can,
It means a Soda-Water-man.



PISCES.—Piscis, and in the rain! They seem
A-fishing in the great Golf stream.

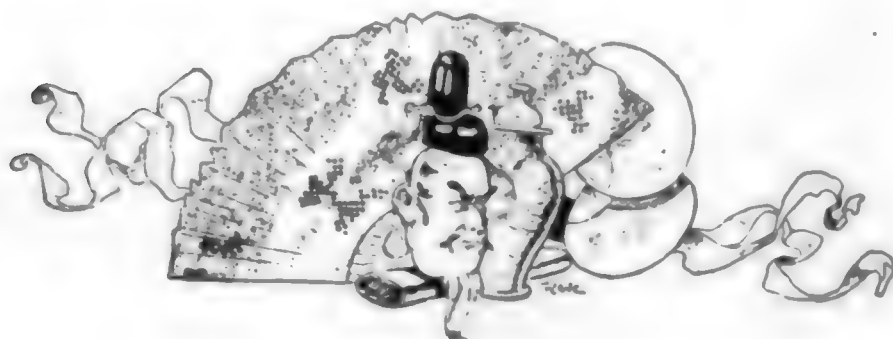
"Especially duchesses," I interposed.
"Aweel, ye need nae be jealous o' them," retorted Jock, "for ye can neither play sae weel nor pay sae weel, either."

"And you call yourself a professional teacher of golf?" I asked, indignantly.

"That's what I am," said Jock, modestly, "and I've taught a' sorts o'

bodies, but I never come across sich a helpless specimen as you. Ye've nae notion o' the game, and ye're ower fu' o' conceit tae learn; and ye may as weel break yer clubs ower yer knee at once and gang hame."

Strange as it may appear, I took Jock's advice.



Other People's Drawing-Rooms.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. FRERE.

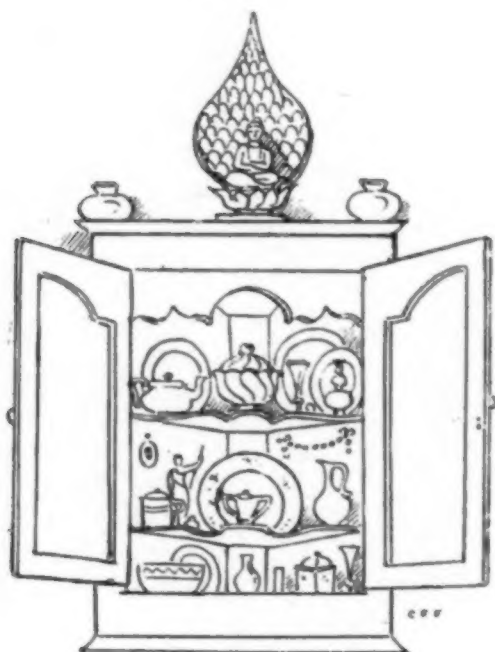
*"Whatever is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance."*—DYER.

A FRIEND, who had lately come to make a home in London, once consulted me, before I had had much experience in the matter, on the momentous question of the furnishing and the arrangement of her drawing-room; and we spent some delightful but exhausting days in the process. How many times did we both, after a hasty breakfast, begin the day with confident hope, determined to see no difficulties ahead; and how often did we find ourselves, by two o'clock, reduced to mere wrecks, and, throwing ourselves wearily into the nearest chairs, survey with fresh dismay the chaos of tables, pictures, screens, carpets, sofas, and all the raw material of a modern drawing-room, sighing as we reflected that hours of work appeared to have made but little impression on the mass before us. There in front of us, uncompressable and obstinate, stood the grand piano, refusing to be coaxed or coerced into the position chosen for it: it seemed to get longer and harder and bulkier every time we shifted it. We began at last to think that the tail, like a comet's, grew. In another corner were a pile of pictures, no two of which would balance each other in subject or size, arrange them how we would; while all the frames seemed suddenly to have become chipped and shabby. Was it their packing and their journey or only the extinguishing contact of the lovely new wall paper? "Patience," however, "cures most things except light-coloured eyes;" and by the time all the fine weather had been spent in shops choosing furniture, or indoors in unpacking and shifting and arranging, we were rewarded by a result, the triumph of which, we flattered ourselves, lay in its appearance of natural and unstudied grouping. I know now that our original difficulty was self-made through the

absence of a sufficiently definite plan to start with; but I often wonder when I find myself at tea in that drawing-room if the many friends of my popular hostess realise for a moment with what toil the ultimate result was obtained.

In this matter of furnishing and arrangement, though books are useful as guides and authorities, I think what is altogether most helpful is the study of other people's houses. One's mind by degrees gets filled with a long picture gallery, as it were, of rooms historical or homely, unusual or everyday, country or town; a little "memory-cupboard" from which to select ideas. New combinations of ordinary materials, inspirations of arrangement and chance effects, stately groupings of priceless treasures or the individual stamp of simple, homely surroundings — each please in their way and in their appropriate, appointed place. The drawing-room is, of course, the room which is seen more than any other in the house; every casual acquaintance knows the general aspect of it, and no doubt comments mentally on the points to be copied or avoided. Every drawing-room, too, to them that can read its language, has much to tell of the antecedents and travels, the friends and hobbies, of those who live in it—except, of course, such rooms as are left entirely to the upholsterer to furnish, and which, therefore, merely represent so much money turned into furniture. The newly-married couple's wedding presents proclaim their origin at once, and contrast with the varied treasures of the wealthy spinster who has circumnavigated the globe and levied a tax on all its industries and arts. And how is it that we recognise the subtle difference between a man's and a woman's drawing-room? Perhaps because a man, by himself, rarely sits in his drawing-room and it acquires a

"company" look we have learnt to know and dread—or if he does sit there, he either makes it too fanciful or else he abolishes all "prettiness" and, with it, most of the human and personal touches one looks for in home surround-



ings. A man's drawing-room is, in fact, apt to be too business-like or too ornamental; it is, to use a homely simile, "all suet or all plums." Men, it must be confessed, do most things much better than women, but we may claim that for the perfect arrangement of a liveable, lovable room, large or small, a woman who understands it is hard to beat. There are, perhaps, few things more enjoyable than furnishing a drawing-room, whether, living in the centres of civilisation, you have the satisfaction of being able to get whatever you want—or, in out of the way places of the world, you enjoy the still greater interest of having to exercise resource, making the best in a temporary home of what you can get, and demonstrating practically that adaptability is the seal of genius.

I remember a lofty, sunny room in a Colony, in days when Colonial shops did not keep a great variety of goods, and when whatever you asked for was always "expected by the next steamer." A new chintz or cretonne was wanted, and every shop, likely or unlikely, was ransacked for something suitable. Nowhere, however, could a sufficient length be found, ugly or pretty, to cover the somewhat clumsy furniture and to drape the five large windows which opened

from the sixty-foot room into the garden, where the old Dutch fountain splashed above the gold fish and sweet-scented water weeds. Then some one suggested using long lengths of "Kaffir handkerchiefs," the red and white squares similar to those in which the British workman carries his daily dinner. A foundation was accordingly made of cream "Bolton sheeting," and the handkerchiefs, with their bright borders of red lines and white-spotted red centres, were gathered into flounces for the ottomans, chairs and sofas, and into valances and sashes for the curtains. This made it as bright, fresh and homelike a room as you could wish to see—though the lavish use of lovely arums, proteas and wild gladioli in the tall vases reminded you that you could not be in England.

My memory now travels off to the far north, to quite a different room, in Scotland, in a house which is the paradise of books, and where "the Laird" and his wife understand so well the art of "making a holiday" for their guests, be they people who appreciate books, shooting, or dinners. In that drawing-room shelves some three feet high line the walls, and these are full of the most entertaining, the newest, the rarest books in more than one language. With these books, inside and out, "the Laird" is as familiar as though he had written them himself; and what delightful evenings are the result when he elects to read aloud from his treasures many a guest can testify. Curiosities and objets d'art stand on the top of these book-cases. The writing-table is an octagon, on the centre of which stands a plant by day and a lamp by night. Four sides of the octagon are so arranged that four people can write at once, with space and comfort, faced by not only the usual stationery, but also by the Bradshaws, guide-books, &c., which facilitate the coming and going of many friends on the wing north and south. Nothing could be better adapted for a land where posts are apt to arrive and go out simultaneously, and plans have to be rapidly re-arranged.

But this guests' writing-table would be quite out of place in London, where the "spare room" guest would prefer one of those delightful revivals of our grandmother's days, such as I saw at the Working Ladies' Guild in the Brompton Road—so easily opened out when wanted

and equally pretty when shut, and at which, drawn in front of the hearth on cold and foggy days, you can write your note while you warm your feet at the fire from which your face is sheltered. Sketches of the writing-table, chairs, plant-holder and round table referred to in this article appeared in the March *Ludgate*.

Next, there comes to my mind a country room, interesting from the contrast to what it once was. Two labourers' cottages had been thrown together and additions made on each side, so the sitting-room is a double one, wide and low. When first inspected, before the outgoing tenants left, the wall paper was a light pink, with a dado of green, white and gold daisies—imagine the effect in a room only seven feet three in height! The woodwork was all "grained" to represent oak, and of a very yellow shade; the furniture both uncomfortable and bulky—a case of age without honour. The little flight of stairs, the other side of the drawing-room doors, which led to the bedroom floor, was very steep.

The first thing to be done in the house was to alter the slope of the stairs, and finding that, at the new angle, more space would be required, the three lowest steps were turned round into the room itself, the door which shut off the stairs being raised above the little flight and "headroom" made over it; and these three steps, with the simple handrail, make quite a pretty and uncommon feature. All the woodwork of the room was re-painted, white—two coats plain, while the third was mixed with varnish. The wall paper was replaced by a plain, self-coloured one, of rather rough texture, which makes a most becoming background for the old prints in their black frames and for the room generally. An old, tall, brass-faced clock, which in the country cost twenty-five shillings! ticks peacefully in the corner. Space has been found for a tiny cottage piano, a six-foot sofa, and three really comfortable arm-chairs. An old-fashioned, capacious, mahogany *escritoire* stands near the window, and beside it, the glory of the room, is a beautiful antique Spanish leather screen, with rich gold background, whereon sprays of flowers—that no botanist could classify—are depicted in quaint rich colours. In the bay window is a carved teakwood chest from India, hold-

ing portfolios and large volumes, but most of the books are on shelves above a china cupboard in the recess. The chairs in this room each have a history. One pretty old chair is painted with greeny-blue scrolls, and the rings of the arms and legs are gilded. It was bought for five shillings at the village shop, whither it had doubtless strayed from some big house, and where it was stacked away in an attic with the newest of "red mahogany" furniture. Another beautiful chair, painted black, with gold lines, and of a wonderful shapeliness, light and strong, was purchased for seven-and-sixpence in a country town at a house where the sale found it, with fallen fortunes, relegated to the kitchen. The gracefully curved back of it is decorated with a lovely little plaque on which shadowy Cupids are dancing. The groundwork of this plaque is irregularly streaked with black and chestnut brown, like strongly grained wood, or a black barred sunset, and touches of subdued green suggest the sward on which the little figures are tripping, and the *bosquet* around them. This little bit of harmonious and uncommon



colouring just relieves any monotony of black and gold. So beauty does not necessarily mean expense: as another instance whereof there is a little table of solid mahogany, round above, and standing three-square, if one may say so, on its firm, upright legs. That came

from the same country town as the black chair, where, rough, shabby, and doubly split across the top, it was sold for one and sixpence at an auction ; five shillings more paid for repairing and polishing it, and you could not wish for a better, or, in its unpretentious way, handsomer table. One door of this country sitting-room, a glass door, looks into the greenhouse, bright with begonias ; and few would recognise the flower stand in the corner, supporting the large sweet-leaved geranium, for what it really is—an eel pot ! It was bought in Staffordshire for half-a-crown, and brought home in triumph ! Its rustic willows, you see, have borrowed something of the dignity and classic outline of an amphora.

But as a foil to this fresh, airy, country room, looking out on its green lawn and the scent-laden lime tree—struck, alas ! this year by lightning—comes the recollection of a style of room to be avoided, a drawing-room to which I was once taken to tea by friends in the neighbourhood. There were looking-glasses on all sides, showing great reflected vistas of wearisome repetition. No book, no writing-table, no needlework, was to be

seen ; but there were plush monkeys and antimacassars, bows of ribbon, *bon-bonnières* and fans, lamps left with their bright silk shades on in the daytime, photographs in plush and metal frames, aggressive pattern on the carpet, more brilliant pattern on the curtains, gorgeous wall papering—in short, no spot of rest for eye or brain. And, to add to the feeling of confusion, a tiny pet dog was here, there, and everywhere—jumping on the chairs, racing round the tea-table, and all the while jangling his silver bell. The money which must have been spent to bring about this bazaar-like effect would have furnished a room with works of art. The only comfort was that the good-natured hostess herself was perfectly satisfied with the result, and would no doubt have been amazed had she realised the relief we felt at regaining once more the restful, out-of-doors quiet of country surroundings, as the door closed behind us and we walked back through the woods and looked across the sea to the great mountains beyond, which were peacefully fading into the dusky evening in “the hour when daylight dies.”

